

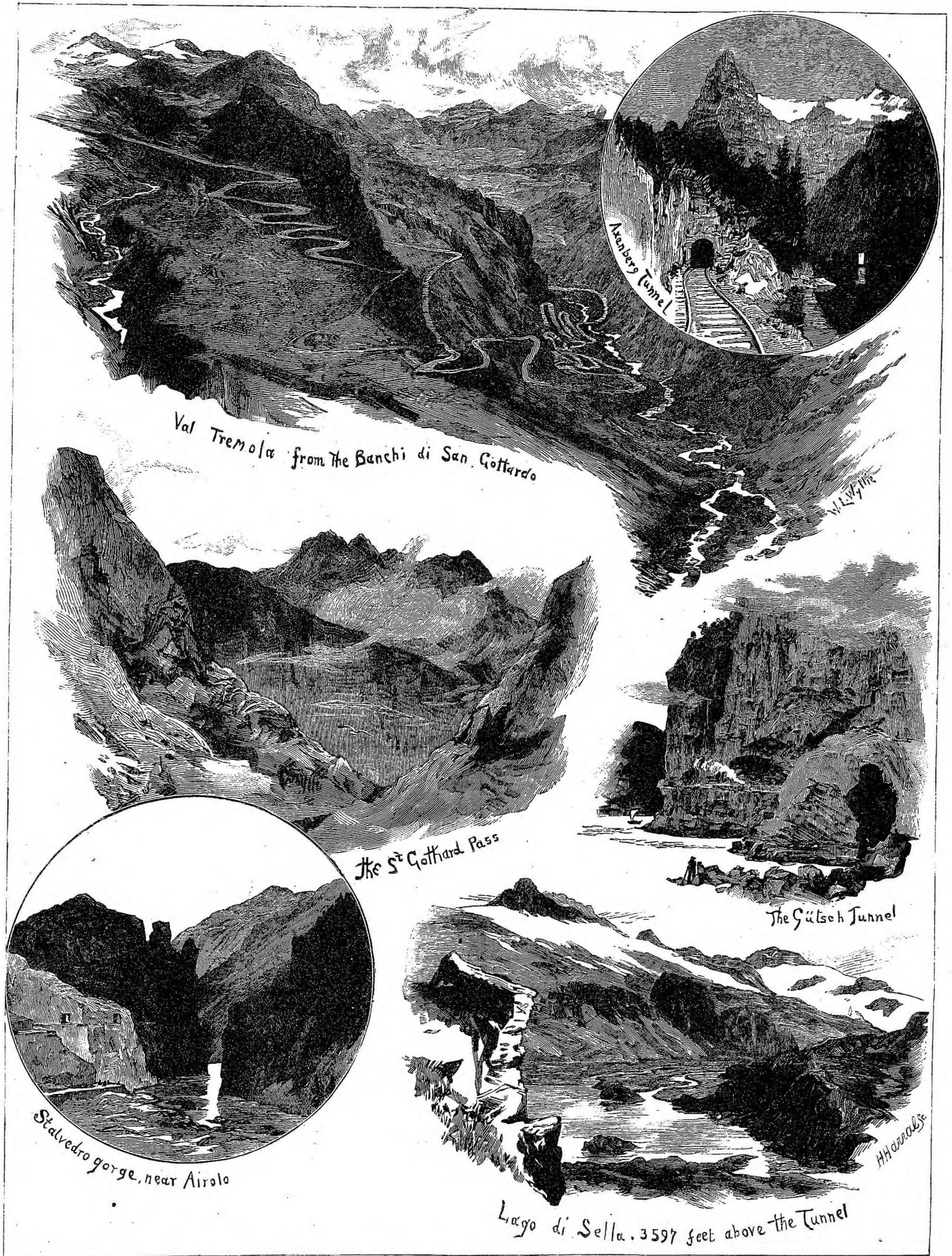
# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 633.—VOL. XXV.  
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper ]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [ Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny





## Topics of the Week

**PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION IN IRELAND.**—As old age creeps on, men's conceptions are wont to become crystallised, they lose their elasticity and progressiveness. This familiar truth is curiously illustrated in Mr. Bright's speech last week. He is dominated by the ideas prevailing during his boyhood, when the gross anomalies of our Parliamentary system aroused a burning indignation and an enthusiasm for reform which the present generation is unable to realise. With these beliefs of 1832 still simmering in his brain, Mr. Bright regards the mere possession of a Parliamentary representative as such a precious boon, that he gravely wonders at the ingratitude of the Irish who, it seems, send rather more members to Westminster than they ought to do, according to the respective populations of the two islands, and yet are not happy. We should not have recalled attention to these innocent remarks of Mr. Bright, but for the fact that the redoubtable F. H. O'Donnell comes down upon them like a sledge hammer. We are bound to say that he has the best of the argument. As usual, instead of getting to the windward of the "bloody Saxon," even in such a petty matter as this of M.P.'s, poor Ireland has been cheated and maltreated. She seems now to have more members than she ought to have, because her population has been reduced by famine and emigration; but for more than forty years after the Union in 1801 she was, on the population basis, most unjustly under-represented. Instead of a poor 105, she ought, says the enthusiastic O'Donnell, to have had some 220 or 230 members. Some people may ejaculate, "What a providential escape!" It is quite true that Biggars, and such-like obstructive persons, would probably have been more numerous; but we are not sure, on the other hand, that Ireland would have remained for eighty years such a chronic difficulty. In view of the inevitable party divisions of the English and Scotch members, these 220 Irish members, if they had shown as much unity of purpose as they have shown of late years, would have been masters of the situation, and been able to dictate their own terms. In fact, Home Rule would have been practically established without quitting the benches of St. Stephen's.

**IRISH LOCAL INDEPENDENCE.**—This brings us to Mr. Labouchere's letter in Tuesday's *Daily News*. Mr. Labouchere almost always talks good sense, and has the merit of often speaking out what other people only venture to think. Ireland is just now in a worse state than it has ever been since 1798. Terror is the order of the day, and the Land League is none the less potent because it has ceased to be visible. To British Liberals also it is most distasteful that a number of men in whom (rightly or wrongly) the mass of the Irish people fervently believe should be shut up in prison without trial. It is all very well for the Government to say, "Be patient for a while, our Land Act will gradually calm down all these agitations." Few people incline to accept this sanguine anticipation, least of all, probably, the members of the Cabinet. Hence the putting forth of such a proposal as that of Mr. Labouchere. He would give Ireland such freedom of action as is possessed by the several States of the American Union, which States make their own local laws and regulations without interference from the Central Government, and yet, in all matters affecting the whole nation, subordinate their action to that of the Central Government. This sounds plausible, and would be easy enough were the Irish practically all of one way of thinking. Indeed, in that happy case, a separate Legislature would be unnecessary, for the Irish members could, as the Scotch often do, settle their local business in the tea-room, and the non-Irish members would bow to their decision. Indeed, this course was actually followed in the case of the Irish and Welsh Sunday Closing Bills. There was a general feeling that if the majority of the Irish and Welsh peoples really desired these measures, they ought to have their own way, even if it were a wrong way. But the minority who, as in Ireland, disapproved of the proposal to shut up public-houses on a Sunday, were not likely to cause any dangerous agitation. They were mostly publicans and—we won't say sinners, but folks fond of a "dhrup," and they had the clergy against them. But supposing the Land Question had been dealt with by a local Legislature. Mr. Labouchere plainly thinks it ought to have been so dealt with, for he says, "The laws affecting the tenure of land in Galway can in no way either secure or shake the integrity of the British Empire." Well, supposing the experiment had been tried. Remember, there would be no British redcoats in Ireland, and the constabulary would be, not myrmidons of the Castle, but a purely municipal force. The landlords would then have had to depend on their own resources; they would have been unencumbered by the delusive support accorded by the Government. Would they have tamely submitted to have their lands estimated at "prairie value?" We doubt it, and the result would have been civil war, in which England would either have had to interfere, or allow Ireland to drift into independence, or, more dangerous still, some foreign allegiance. How, for example, should we like Ireland to become a State of the American Union, a Power which, in spite of, or rather because of, its kindred origin, will never be really friendly to this country? To borrow the simile of a French

writer, which we have already used concerning this subject, Home Rule is not a chamber where one can rest and be thankful. It is a corridor, leading into some unknown and unexplored apartment.

**PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE GERMAN LIBERALS.**—It was inevitable that the result of the last general election in Germany should lead to a bitter struggle between Prince Bismarck and the Liberals. He had made up his mind that his so-called social reforms were essential to the welfare of the Empire, and it was not to be supposed that he would suddenly abandon them because, in the first trial of strength, he happened to come off second-best. In order to overawe his opponents he has now thrust the Emperor into the foreground. This may prove in the end to have been a rash and foolish step, but it is not unconstitutional, for both in theory and in practice the Ministers of Prussia and Germany are undoubtedly responsible to the Crown. The Sovereign appoints them, and they retain office as long as they enjoy his confidence, no matter how unpopular they may be in the country and in Parliament. As the Emperor William happens to be generally respected and liked, it is not improbable that his personal appeal to his subjects will secure for the Chancellor a good many new supporters at the next general election; and it is certain that his interpretation of the duties of Government officials will be still more effective. There may be some officials of so independent a character that they will consent to the loss of their appointments rather than sacrifice their liberty to vote as they please; but this is not likely to be a very large class. After all, however, Prince Bismarck cannot be sure even yet that he will triumph. The working classes have shown pretty clearly that they do not trust his professions of sympathy and goodwill; and the Catholics are still disinclined to give him a general support. The Liberals are now virtually a united body, and they will, of course, redouble their efforts to secure a majority. The real meaning of the struggle will be manifested only after the assembling of a new Reichstag, which will probably be elected in the course of the present year. If the Chancellor's party were then in a minority, he would be compelled either to withdraw his economic projects or to override the decisions of Parliament. The latter course would lead, sooner or later, to a revolution; and the clear perception of this fact is, no doubt, giving quite as much uneasiness to Prince Bismarck as to the German Liberals.

**AMERICAN AMBITION.**—More than a hundred years ago, when the infant Republic was wrestling with George III., Silas Deane wished, not unnaturally, that the Atlantic Ocean were a lake of fire, in order that his countrymen might be left at peace. The modern Americans have no desire for this isolation commercially, since they would lose the European market for their beef, bacon, and wheat, but they are inclined to desire it politically. It is easy to say that Mr. Blaine is an exceptional Spread-Eagleist, and that his opinions are not those of his countrymen. We are inclined to doubt this sanguine supposition. The American democracy (unlike most English Radicals) is intensely patriotic; and "Our country, right or wrong" would be as popular a cry now as it was in the days of the dispute concerning the Oregon boundary. Hence we shall not be surprised to find that the Americans will oppose the making of the Panama Canal tooth and nail, unless they can keep it in their own hands, and treat it as a waterway passing through United States' territory. It is possible that they will consent to give equal freedom of access to the commercial ships of all nations, but when once the canal-fortifications are made, with the Stars and Stripes floating over them, it is quite on the cards that some patriotic party in Congress may discover that "in order to enable our merchant-navy to recuperate," differential duties must be imposed on the foreign ships using the Canal. As most of these ships would be British, there would be an additional pleasure in the enforcement of the impost. This desire to monopolise the Panama Canal is of course a ludicrous exaggeration of the so-called Monroe Doctrine, but it is seriously put forth, and we doubt if collective Europe will have the pluck to challenge it. "America for the Americans" is now more than ever the cry, only it means North and South America for the citizens of the United States. There is an ambitious party who are evidently aiming to bring all the Southern Republics under the suzerainty of Washington. As it is the "manifest destiny," we presume, of that little nook of North America which still owns allegiance to Queen Victoria to enter the Union, peacefully or otherwise, it is within the bounds of possibility that, before many years are passed, Ulysses S. Grant, as President for Life, or even Emperor, may rule over the two Americas from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn.

**M. GAMBETTA.**—For several years all parties in France looked forward with the deepest interest to the assumption of office by M. Gambetta, and the majority of his party felt confident that if he were in power the Republic would be safe. Now that he has become Prime Minister, the question is already raised whether he ought not to be forced to resign. At first sight this seems to be only a fresh example of French "fickleness," but in reality M. Gambetta has himself to blame. His influence would not have been seriously damaged by the mere fact that he selected a Cabinet of second-rate men. That was perhaps inevitable; and if M. Gambetta had proposed to limit himself to the accomplishment of work

about which all moderate Republicans are agreed, the nation would not have troubled itself much about his colleagues. The difficulty arises from the obstinacy with which he insists on the establishment of *Scrutin de liste*. It may be admitted that there is a good deal to be said in favour of this scheme. Hitherto the progress of legislation in France has been seriously impeded by the rivalries and jealousies of petty cliques; and this evil would, no doubt, be greatly diminished by the system which M. Gambetta so ardently supports. On the other hand, *Scrutin de liste* would tend to concentrate authority in the hands of one man; and French Liberals may be excused for thinking that that would be the greater evil of the two. However this may be, it is at any rate certain that the project is detested by multitudes of politicians, who are as sincere Republicans as M. Gambetta himself. Why should he insist on introducing an element of strife and confusion when there are so many other objects to which he might safely and usefully devote his energies? By the present method of election a Republican majority has been secured in both Chambers; and M. Gambetta cannot pretend that it would not suffice for the execution of all reforms which are really demanded by public opinion. It is possible that even in regard to *Scrutin de liste* the Chambers may be submissive to his will; but he inevitably excites suspicion by the attempt to secure a victory by the exercise of personal authority rather than by the force of conviction.

**RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.**—It is to be hoped that a very wide circle of readers have made themselves familiar with the account which *The Times* has given of the persecution of the Jews in Russia. A more frightful tale has not been laid before the world since the time of the atrocities in Bulgaria. It may, indeed, be questioned whether the Bulgarian horrors were as bad as the dreadful cruelties which have been inflicted on the despised race by Russian fanatics. The Bashi-Bazouks were let loose on their victims at a time of intense political excitement, and the desolation they effected was at least confined to a comparatively small area. The poor Jews of Russia have committed no political offence, and they have been hunted down like wild beasts in vast districts and in many different towns. Nothing roused public indignation against the Bashi-Bazouks so much as their crimes against women; but even in this respect they have been equalled, if not surpassed, by their Russian imitators. We should be sorry to think that the Russian Government knew what was going on; but high officials are directly responsible for some of the barbarities which have been perpetrated. At Kieff, where there are 20,000 Jews in a population of 140,000, it was definitely announced that there would be a riot on a particular Sunday. A deputation waited on the Governor to ask him to prevent disturbance, and his reply was that "he would not trouble his soldiers for the sake of a pack of Jews." The result was a series of murders and other outrages, and "no less than 2,000 Jews were left without shelter by the dismantling or burning of their houses." The Czar's authority has been much impaired; but if he does not use it, such as it is, for the suppression of this appalling ferocity, he can no longer claim to be regarded as a civilised ruler.

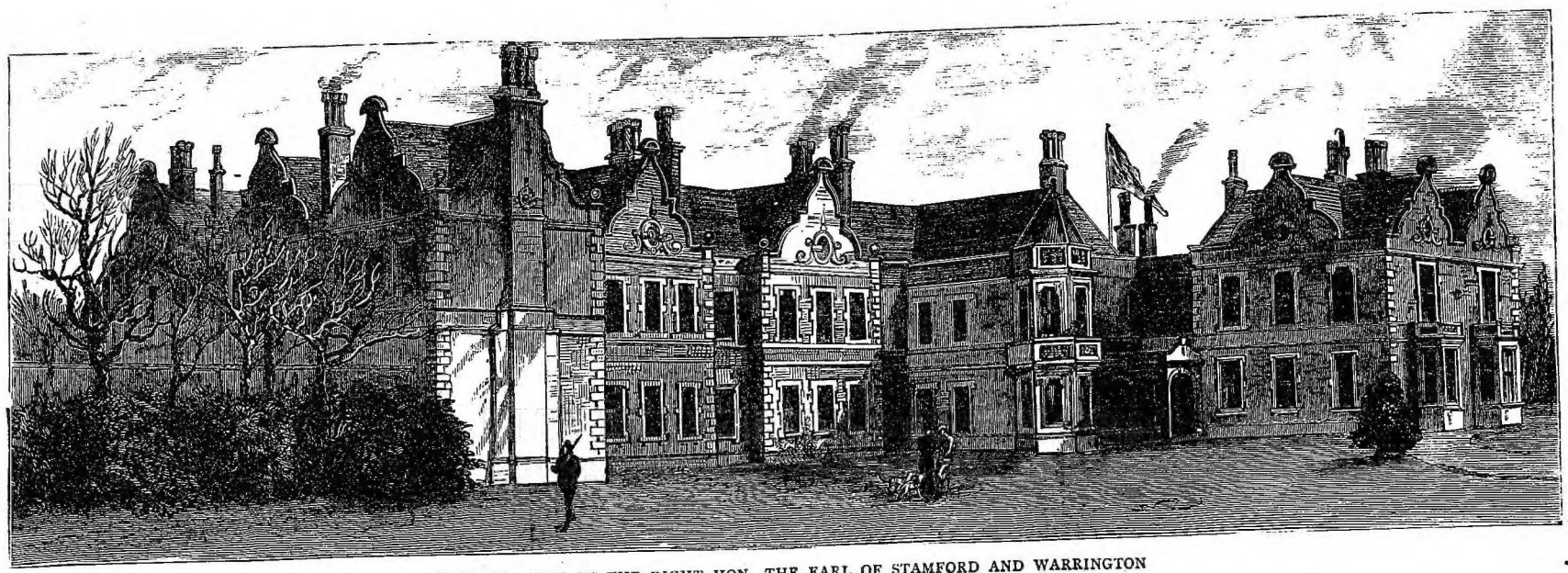
**EGYPT.**—There can be no difference of opinion as to the immense importance of the action which has been taken by England and France in regard to Egypt. Nothing was said in the Collective Note about active intervention at any particular time; but the two Governments definitely pledged themselves to maintain the authority of the Khedive. It must, of course, be assumed that they are aware of certain dangers to which his authority is exposed. It may be that these dangers arise from military insubordination; but it is also possible that they are connected with ambitions in Constantinople and elsewhere—ambitions of which such men as Arabi Pasha have been merely the instruments. In any case English opinion is likely to support the Government for having promptly warned all who may be concerned that means will be taken, whenever it may be necessary, to prevent the incitement to disorder in Egypt. It would, no doubt, have been better if England could have acted alone. Her interests in Egypt are more vital than those of France; and it might happen that, if intervention became inevitable, we should not be on perfectly cordial terms with our neighbour. The justification of the joint action of the two Powers is that it could not be avoided. France insists on her right to be associated with us, and as her claim is based on solid grounds Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had no alternative but to acknowledge it. Happily there is not much chance that the matter will lead to unpleasant complications. England and France having spoken so decisively, those who wish to promote trouble among the Egyptians are likely to abandon their designs, at least for the present.

**ACROBATS.**—The case of the boys who were virtually sold into slavery to the proprietor of the Beni Zoug-Zoug Troupe was possibly no worse than hundreds of others who escape detection. In fact, they were fortunate to be discovered in such a peculiar country as Turkey, where (Egypt, perhaps, excepted) foreigners have greater powers of interference than anywhere else in the world. In France or in the United States, or even here at home, it might have been by no means so easy to free the lads from their servitude. The details of this affair afford several subjects for reflection. First, there are—and no doubt will be, as

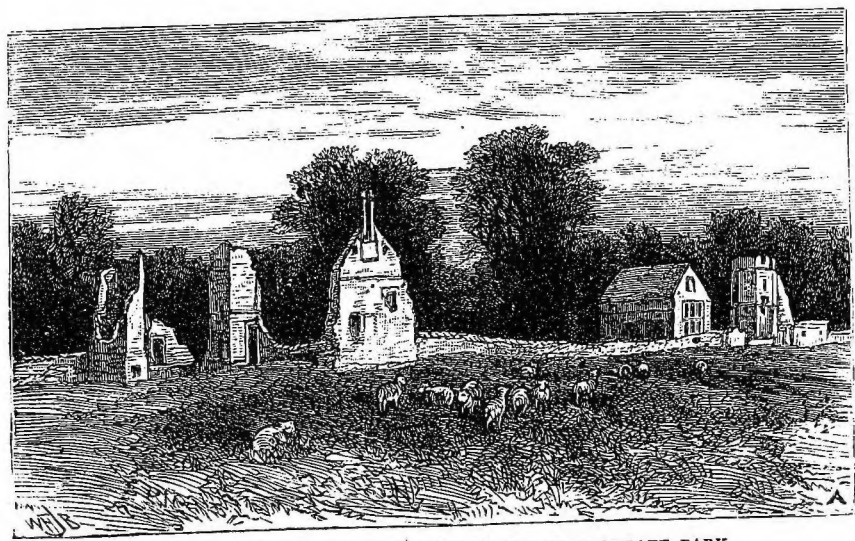


It may be interesting to note that Royalty has several times visited Bradgate. Charles I. and his Queen were there in 1636 and William III. in 1696, whilst in 1842 Queen Adelaide kept her fiftieth birthday in the park, she and her attendants feasting under the noble trees, the banquet being spread upon the green turf.





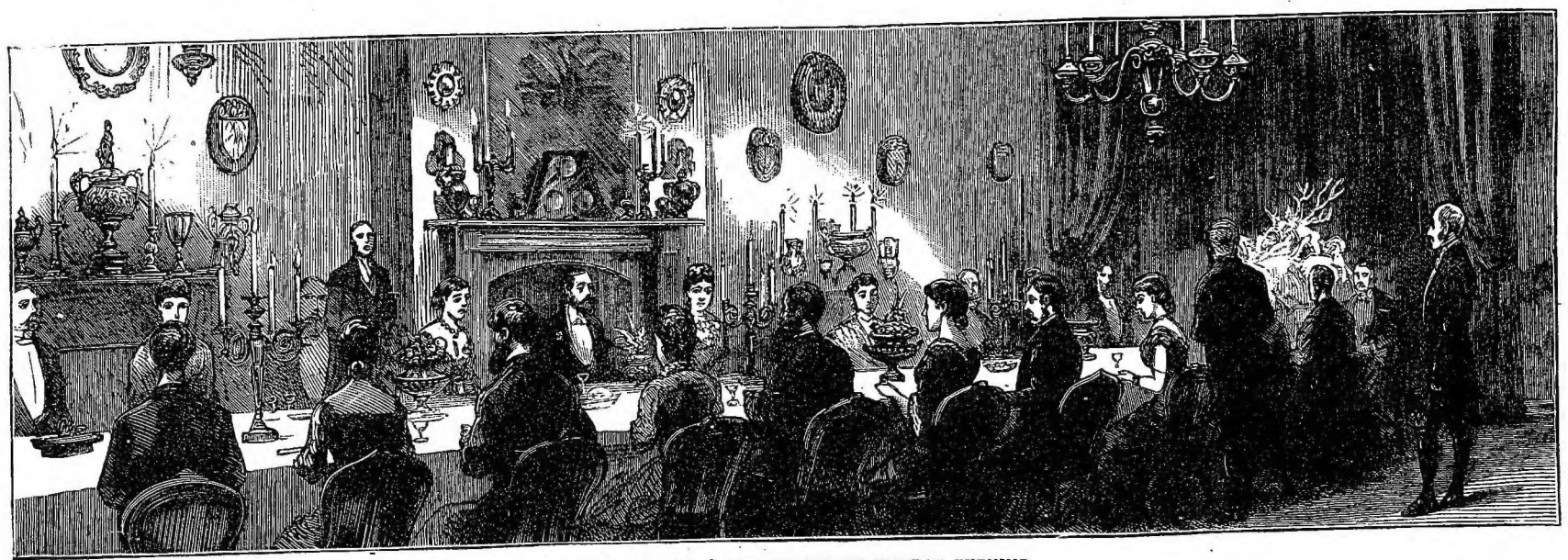
BRADGATE, SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON



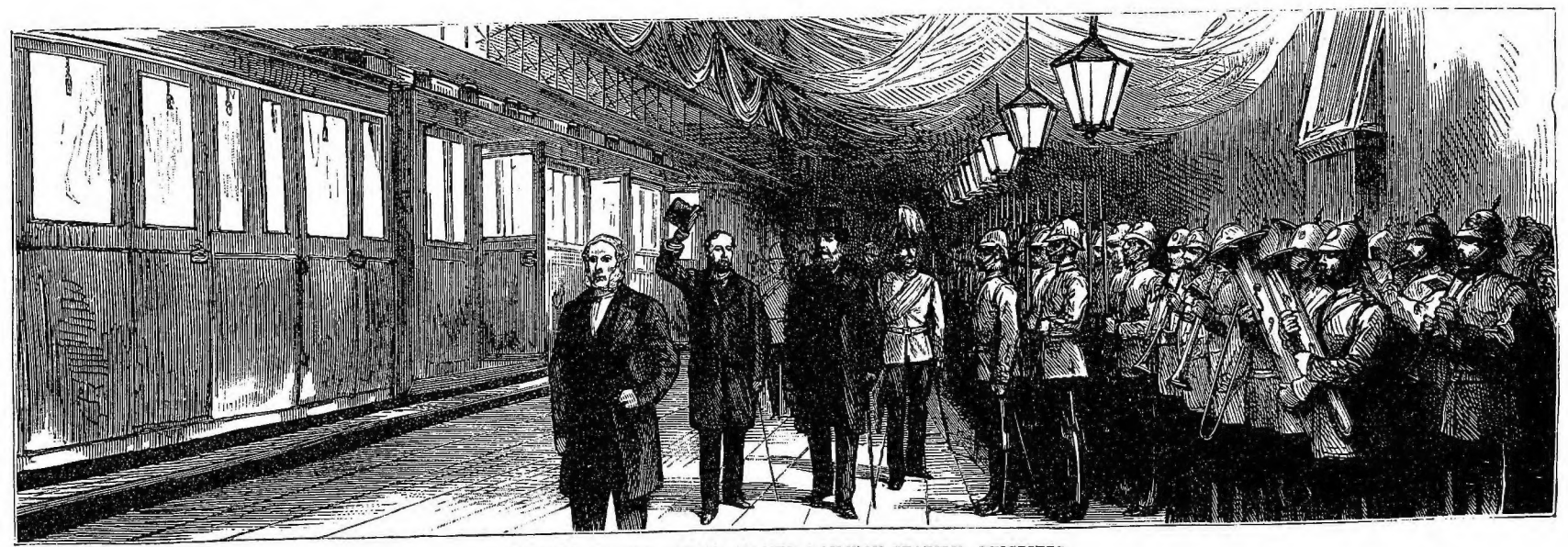
RUINS OF LADY JANE GREY'S BIRTHPLACE IN BRADGATE PARK



A VIEW IN BRADGATE PARK



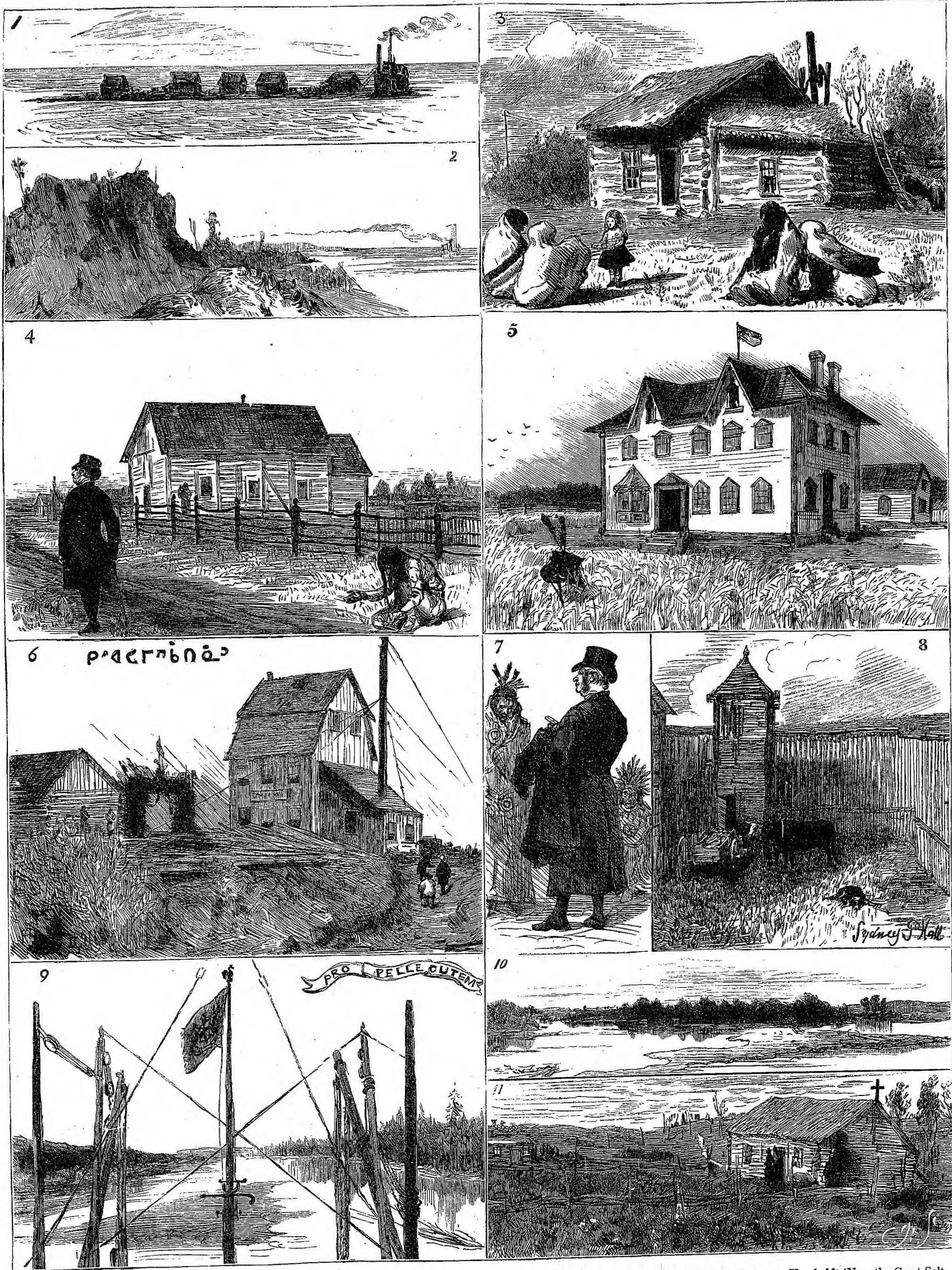
THE DINING ROOM AT BRADGATE ON MONDAY EVENING



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AT THE RAILWAY STATION, LEICESTER

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO BRADGATE PARK, LEICESTERSHIRE





1. Silver Island (Lake Superior) from the *Hattie Vinton* Tug, as We Approached, July 25.—2. Quebec Mine, Michipiaten Island (Lake Superior).—3. Humboldt (Near the Great Salt Plain): Mrs. Leggatt's Shanty.—4. The Cathedral: Prince Albert (N. Saskatchewan).—5. Emmanuel College (N. Saskatchewan), Warden, the Bishop of Saskatchewan.—6. Hudson's Bay Company's Mill on the Banks of the Saskatchewan.—7. Dr. McLean, Bishop of Saskatchewan.—8. Fort Carlton.—9. Bows of the Hudson Bay Co.'s Steamer *Northcote*, Showing Gear for Lifting Her off the Shoals.—10. The Saskatchewan near Battleford.—11. The Old Roman Catholic Church at Battleford.

TO THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, XVI.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



Picnics in the Park, indeed, are, thanks to the kindness of its noble owner, a favourite summer amusement with the people of Leicester.

#### IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST, XVI.

1. THE FAMOUS SILVER ISLET.—It is really a reef under water, or nearly so. (Several years ago some men prospecting for silver were fishing on a little rock about 23 yards long by one broad, lying half a mile off the mainland, and above seven miles to the east of Thunder Cape. One of them saw something shining in the water, and found it to be a piece of almost solid silver. That little island, now artificially extended to nearly seven acres, is estimated as being worth 18 million dollars). From the *Hattie Vinton* steam-tug we could see five huts and an engine-house rising from the water—in colour almost black—silver by no means in appearance, unless it were tarnished silver long exposed to the air.

The place teems—or did teem—with the precious metal. Three million dollars' worth have been taken out in eleven years. It is the Silver Gate (to quote Lord Lorne's speech at Prince Arthur's Landing) to the Great North West.

2. For particulars of the Quebec Mine, Michipocoten Island, I must refer you to the *Scotsman*, or *Toronto Globe*, or *The Times*. I can only say that, looking at the landscape superficially, its colour was decidedly coppery; it was broken up into ridges of most eccentric contour, with a stratum of lighter soil running along the sides of the hills, about half-way down. This was the amygdaloid. The stratum ran downwards into the hillside at an angle of 45 deg. to the sea level, so I was told, and contained from 1 to 2½ per cent. of native copper. Lord Lorne visited the mine on July 24.

3. Humboldt is a little telegraph and meteorological station, consisting of two solitary shanties on the border of the Great Salt Plain, sixty-five miles from any human abode.

Till the other day, when a man was sent to take charge of it, it was occupied by two young sisters, one the telegraph clerk, the other the meteorological recorder. Till the line was broken last fall the observations were telegraphed twice a day to Toronto. There is still communication between this and Edmonton. It says much for the safety of the country, so wrote Dr. Macgregor in the *Courant*, that these two young women, Mrs. Leggett and her sister, living there alone, have never had the slightest fear, and have always welcomed visits from the Indians. There was a little Miss Leggett, too, and she was not a bit afraid of them. This shanty is a type of all dwellings first built by the settler in Canada and the North-West.

4. The rest of the sketches illustrate the Saskatchewan District. Prince Albert, lying about 53°15' N. and 105°50' W., fifty miles down the river from Fort Carlton, was the most northerly point of our journey. I find in my diary, "Aug. 27. When I woke all I could see from my cabin door on the s.s. *Northcote* was what I send in my sketch—a mill, a triumphal arch, and a shanty. We lay low under the black muddy bank, and Prince Albert settlement was hidden from us, but it was there. A miserable morning—rain, hail, and thunder! Bishop McLean came to breakfast. Such a cheery man. Yesterday the place was full of people expecting His Excellency—600 of them. There was horse-racing, and the Sioux danced their Buffalo Dance. They were there on the Wednesday even—news here being so uncertain. The address was to have been read on the platform under the arch, but the rain was too heavy, and so 'We, the undersigned,' trooped on board. Our cabin deck was crammed, and Lord Lorne literally buried in Prince Alberters. The arch, made of fir boughs, was decked with ploughs, sheaves of corn, wapiti and jumping-deer heads, surmounted with Union Jacks made on the spot, with the legend, 'Welcome, Lorne,' on the one side, and 'Heartily Welcome,' in Cree characters (I have printed them on the sketch), on the other. At last the rain stopped, and we were driven first to see Captain Moore's mill, and then to Bishop's College—Emmanuel College as it is named."

Prince Albert began with the Presbyterian Mission fourteen years ago, as I was informed by Mr. Sievwright of Aberdeen, the Presbyterian minister, who drove with me. The land between the Hudson Bay Company's mill and Moore and Macdowall's mill is called Goschen, after the Cabinet Minister.

Our road lay on a wide open flat, bounded inland by a line of low hills, on which we could see the *tepees* of a Sioux band. Houses there were in every stage of construction and in every order of North-Western architecture—the primitive shanty of logs "chinked" with mud, and thatched; others chinked with plaster and roofed with shingle; some of brick. There was the new Presbyterian church, of brick; the only one of brick in the North-West. The English cathedral was of wood, and though only four or five years old, was propped up by a log on either side, as my Presbyterian "friend" pointed out with a smile.

Pray remark in the sketch of the cathedral the blackness of the road, evidence of the richness of the soil, that black loam which produces such splendid crops. That beggar must be a very underserving beggar indeed for the Bishop to pass him by on the other side!

Emmanuel College stood in the middle of one of these crops, and the carriage drove ruthlessly over it as we turned round at the door. The College was established and built last year by the Bishop of Saskatchewan, its object being to give such an education to Indians selected from the different tribes as will qualify them to act as interpreters, schoolmasters, and, in specially-approved cases, ordained clergymen among their countrymen. They are trained to write their own language grammatically, as well as to translate from English to Indian, and *vice versa*. Eleven missionary students attended the College last term. A Collegiate School has also been opened in connection with the College, for educating boys in classics and mathematics as well as English branches. The Dominion Government having adopted recently a system of instruction in farming, it is hoped that this College may be useful in seconding their efforts by supplying a body of trained natives who can give instruction to Indians in their native tongue.

I got a general view of the settlement from the top of the hill close by, driven there by Mr. Clarke of Fort Carlton.

It is the most thriving settlement north of the Portage, and with its vast stretch of rich alluvial soil, lighter and more easily wrought and yet as fertile as that of Winnipeg, extending over an area of fifty miles in length and twenty miles in breadth, it bids fair to be the capital of the North-West. I could see the plain dotted with houses that ran along the river bank for five miles. It was cut up into fields richly stocked either with crops or cattle. The distant trees on the other side of the river formed a background to the picture.

Driving home we passed the Sioux taking their *properties* for their buffalo dance masque in carts to the mill. Too late for it now! Two Sioux on one pony rode up to the Governor-General's carriage and shook him by the hand. Poor Sioux! Their buffalo heads were sham ones, more or less. We saw that the horns were wooden painted ones. Not a buffalo has been seen for four years, when three stray cows were killed, not far off. Once the Sioux were a tribe of 40,000, terror of all from the Gulf of Florida to Quebec, now they are degraded into wearing blankets for buffalo robes and dancing the "Hungry Dance" and begging for "wapiti"—flour. Still they bear up. They are capital workers. The men on the hill in those *tepees* have come to get the harvest in for the farmers. They will earn a dollar a day and three meals, and so will the squaws, who work either in the field or are household servants.

There's a garden full of flowers and vegetable, Mr. J. J. Campbell's. The Prince Alberters point to it with pride. We repossess the original Mission House; much like some way-side inns that I have seen in the Vosges, it seemed. The stockade that surrounded it has only just been pulled down. Within its bounds is

the interpreter's house. On the hill is the frame of the old wooden mill that once ground flour for the whole community. Prince Albert grows apace. It boasts of a post-office, though it gets a mail once only in three weeks. Never mind—this year's harvest is safe from frost, and there is no telling what will be done. They talk of steamboats plying night and day, equipped with electric light.

"Good bye, my lord,"—an active, hard-headed, kind-hearted man, the Bishop, the very *beau-ideal* of what a Colonial Bishop should be. To-day 400 dollars were presented to his college by Mr. Clarke, in the name of the people of Prince Albert.

Mr. Clarke takes us back in the steamship *Lily* to Fort Carlton. The little sketch, No. 8, will show you the stockade and one of the four turrets at the corners. You ought to be able to see two supports for the platform which used to run along the stockade for its defenders to stand on. The most notable feature of the Fort is its colour—a sleek, silver-grey, the work of sun and frost on the unpainted wood.

Sketch No. 9, "On Board the *Northcote*," cannot be said to explain itself. You would never know that that queer arrangement of spars at the bows had anything to do with a vessel, would you? It is the gear for lifting her off the sandbars—an arrangement in pulleys, by which the biggest boom is pushed into the sand, and the bows lifted out of it. Sandbars there are in plenty on the Saskatchewan, of all sizes and ever shifting, so that the pilot on his return finds new ones formed and old ones gone.

Notice the peculiar stratified formation of the edge. You will find it on the bank, too, where it is not stony. It consists of layers running in horizontal lines. You can tell the date of formation from the number of layers. Sandbanks are growing into islands, and islands being washed away. The process is going on in stages of infinite number. The banks are wooded with white poplar, balm of Gilead, birch, and undergrowth of willow scrub, and between Carlton and Prince Albert with spruce, a tree we hadn't seen for some time.

Some one saw a "bar"—a sand-bar probably. There were beaver cuttings, *i.e.*, trees felled by beaver, along a good part of the route to Battleford.

As we are on the subject of North-West architecture, please notice the little old Roman Catholic church at Battleford. The foreground was a wild garden of wild roses, always an evidence of fertility of soil. SYDNEY P. HALL

#### THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

SPEAKING broadly, the news from Ireland this week is of a less exciting nature than that of last, but that the state of the country is still very unsatisfactory is acknowledged by all parties, notably by the Archbishop and Bishops of the Disestablished Church, who have issued a pastoral appointing yesterday (Friday) as a day of humiliation and prayer.—The three Chief Commissioners are now sitting at Belfast for the hearing of appeals from the decisions of the Sub-Commissions. Mr. Forster has given an absolute contradiction to the suggestion made by Mr. Arthur Kavanagh in a recent speech, that the Government had given secret instructions to the Sub-Commissioners. The special correspondent of the *Standard* explains that Mr. Kavanagh's statement was founded on a letter in that journal, and says that the mistake arose from the innocent confounding by Mr. Kavanagh of what was written about a preliminary examination of the Sub-Commissioners, and the subsequent discussion of "principles." This same Mr. Kavanagh has been appointed by the Mansion House Defence of Irish Property Committee as their Commissioner in Ireland. The lady Land Leaguers still defiantly hold meetings, in spite of threats and summonses by the police. The explanation is that their meetings have not yet been really made illegal, the proclamations concerning them having been issued not from the Castle, but by the Chief of the Constabulary.—Another attempt is being made to revive the Industrial Exhibition scheme, the Lord Mayor of Dublin suggesting that "dangerous questions" might be avoided by founding a limited liability company to carry it out on purely commercial principles.—Connell, the supposed "Captain Moonlight," and four of his men have been committed for trial, and on Monday a dozen other members of the gang were captured at Millstreet, a military detachment of 300 men being sent from Cork at daybreak, to form a cordon round the town so as to make their escape impossible.—On Tuesday a large quantity of arms, ammunition, and dynamite was discovered and seized by the police in a cellar or vault at Cork. Rifles, swords, and ammunition have also been seized at Lismore, Limerick, Clonmel, and other places. The newest forms of malicious lawlessness are "ploughing matches" over grazing land, and Land League hunts organised for the destruction of game, coverts, and preserves.—The Lord Lieutenant has declined to allow Messrs. Parnell and Dillon to attend the Dublin City Hall to receive the freedom of the city, the Corporation intend applying for permission to visit them in gaol for the purpose of presentation.—Our engravings are fully described by the reports appended to them in lieu of tiles.

#### THE NEW LAW COURTS AND THEIR ARCHITECT

THERE is something extremely sad in the appearance of a great unfinished building, when the architect, whose skill and thought projected its design, has been called away by death, his plans incomplete, and his great scheme only partially realised. Three times within our own recollection have the noblest buildings in the country been deprived of the fatherly care of a great architect while they were in course of erection.

The stately Grecian porticoes of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, were never seen in their complete state by Mr. Elmes, as that genius was called away to another world while still a mere youth. Although Barry lived to a fair age, yet the great crowning work with which his name will be ever associated was left incomplete.

And now again we have to deplore the removal from amongst us of George Edmund Street, with his most important work left unfinished. Every one who was acquainted with this most highly-gifted architect, and knew his robust and manly figure, and his prodigious power of work, would have given him a long lease of life; but even a Herculean frame must have succumbed to the extraordinary mental and physical labour which Mr. Street imposed upon himself. When we consider that every single detail of the enormous pile in the Strand was carefully thought over, scrupulously worked out, elaborately sketched, and in some instances even drawn out to full scale by his own hand, and in every case supervised and corrected by himself; in addition to this that innumerable perspective drawings, most artistically treated in pen and ink, of which style of drawing he was a most consummate master, were furnished for the benefit of his clients; that "quantities" and estimates involving the minutest calculation were gone into and examined—for Mr. Street was a thorough man of business and an excellent hand at figures; that at the very time that this work was in progress he was also building churches and restoring cathedrals, not only in this country but also in foreign lands; that he was writing works upon architecture, delivering most learned lectures, and addresses to the students of the Royal Academy, and to his *confrères* at the Institute of British architects; it is not surprising that his vigorous health and strongly-knit frame broke down under such an accumulation of work.

The page of drawings which we publish illustrate a few of the picturesque features of the great building of our English "Palais de Justice," and serve to show the care and thought bestowed upon every portion of the edifice. Even in the most out-of-the-way nooks and corners evidence is to be met with of original thought, minute study of ancient examples, and careful adaptation. A remarkable example of this is to be seen in the back of the gateway leading from the Strand

to the east quadrangle, where a Venetian arcade cleverly adapted and clothed with detail of the English fourteenth-century style forms a singularly picturesque feature. Looking along the narrow space between the pierced enclosing wall facing the Strand and the front of the building, an elegant combination of Gothic details presents itself to the eye. The oriel windows which adorn every position of the building bespeak a Venetian origin, but their treatment and detail partake of the characteristics of the English style of the fourteenth century. The great corridor leading from the north end of the hall east and west, with its numerous columns and graceful vaulting, reminds one of the crypt of some vast cathedral; and the circular staircases are very skilfully treated, each public staircase enclosing within it a smaller private staircase. It is not our object to refer to the general plan and arrangements of the vast building.

The principal entrance, the great Central Hall, and the interiors of the Courts are at present in too unfinished a condition, or too crowded with scaffolding, to judge of their effect, and the general appearance of the exterior of the building has been already commented upon and described in this journal.

We may add that the late Mr. Street, R.A., who died of paralysis at the early age of fifty-seven, was born at Woodford, Essex, and educated at the Collegiate School, Camberwell. He studied his profession under Mr. Owen Carter at Winchester, and subsequently under the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott, and was for many years engaged in erecting and restoring churches and other ecclesiastical buildings in all parts of the country. Among the most notable of these works were the erection of the Nave of Bristol Cathedral, and the restoration and additions to Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin (including the Synod House). He was also the architect of Lord Crawford's house at Dunect, a view of which we published last week. Mr. Street had been appointed Diocesan Architect for the Dioceses of Oxford, York, Ripon, and Winchester, and at the time of his death was President of the Institute of Architects, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He was also a Royal Academician, a Member of the Imperial and Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Vienna; and a Knight of the Legion of Honour.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent Street, W.

#### "MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 37.

#### IN AND ABOUT TOURS

IN Tours, the type of a quaint, clean, bright, orderly French provincial town, one meets at every turn memorials of its past life, full of Art and beauty. We have engraved views of some of the most noteworthy of these. The Cathedral, a Gothic structure, the work of various architects from the 12th to the 16th centuries, though not of grand proportions, is nevertheless beautifully modelled. The façade and portals (15th and 16th centuries) present a perfect study of elaborate and harmonious design. The careful work of the choir (13th century), much of the stained glass, and the beautiful *escalier* in the cloisters, are worthy, too, of special note. Tours possessed in former times a still larger church than the Cathedral—the famous Abbey of Saint Martin, of which the towers of Charlemagne and Saint Martin, or l'Horloge, are the principal remains. Of the many churches that of Notre Dame de la Riche, the interior of which has lately undergone a complete and careful restoration, best deserves notice, for the beauty of its architectural details, its wonderful south portal, and some fine specimens of stained glass of the 15th and 16th centuries. At odd turns and corners of the old streets of the town one comes upon the houses of the ancient Touraine notabilities—such as the Hôtel Gouin (1400), eloquent with their silent beauty and carefully studied workmanship. In the neighbourhood are numerous *châteaux*, many of them rich in historical reminiscences and intrinsic beauty. Those of Chenonceau, Amboise d'Azay le Rideau, and Chinon, fine specimens of the Renaissance, may be cited in particular as interesting alike to the historian, the architect, the archaeologist, and the ordinary tourist.

#### THE NATAL MOUNTED POLICE

THE Natal Mounted Police are a body of men chiefly recruited in England, of good birth and education. They served all through the Zulu War, losing several men at Isandula and Rorke's Drift. They rendered valuable service to the late General Colley and General Sir Evelyn Wood during the Transvaal War. Our sketches were taken while the corps were at Mount Prospect, and represents the various duties and hardships they had to undergo. They have lately received the South African medal, and their Commandant, Major Dartnell, has been presented with the Order of C.M.G., in recognition of his services. In the centre of the engraving is his portrait.

"Our Pets," Satan the dog and Moses the monkey, followed them all through both campaigns, Moses riding on Satan's back on the line of march. "The Tell-tale Shadow" represents a man trying to keep out the cold and wet by drinking Hollands out of a square-face bottle. The other sketches speak for themselves. They are all the more interesting as they are drawn by one of the men. We may add that Sir E. Wood has recommended a number of important changes in this valuable body to increase its efficiency, and amongst other things advises an increase in strength. At present a man must be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five to be eligible as a recruit. The pay of a first-class trooper is seven shillings a day, out of which he must provide his horse, clothing, and equipment, the arms being furnished by the Government.

#### WEATHER FORECASTING IN THE UNITED STATES

FEW of those who read in the newspapers the reports, warnings, and predictions which are issued by the meteorologists on this and the other side of the Atlantic are aware of the trouble and sometimes danger incurred in obtaining the observations upon which these predictions are based.

Some few weeks ago we gave an illustration of the meteorological station on the summit of Ben Nevis, and to-day we publish views of one of the most important stations in the United States, namely, that on the summit of Mount Washington, in the White Mountains. The American meteorologists work, of course, under much more favourable conditions than their *confrères* in England on account of the vast area over which they are enabled to take their observations, and in meteorology, as in other directions, it must be confessed that they make the best use of their opportunities. A brief account of the system may be of interest. The Meteorological Department at Washington undertakes the instruction of signalmen in telegraphy, and in the use of the various meteorological instruments. Each station is fully equipped with the following instruments—barometer, thermometer, maximum and minimum thermometer, anemometer, with electrical attachment and self-registering apparatus, hygrometer, wind vane, rain gauge, and at stations located on rivers, lakes, or sea-coasts thermometers for taking the temperature of water at different depths. There are in all 249 stations, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, and from the Capes of Florida into British North America, and at each of these stations observations are taken three times every day at the same moment. One hundred and thirty-three of these stations are in telegraphic communication with the Central Office in Washington, and it not unfrequently is the case that the whole of the reports from these stations are received and registered in Washington in the space of forty-five minutes. This mass of information is then placed upon a weather map, and the relations between the condition of the atmosphere in different districts is thus made sensible to the eye of the signal officer. The predictions and storm warnings are then prepared



in the room where this information is received, and is thence telegraphed not only to all parts of the country, but, as we know, also to Europe, when thought desirable.

Mount Washington being the highest mountain in North America east of the Rocky Mountains, a meteorological station placed on the summit naturally possesses great advantages, for it is possible there to note the direction and velocity of the wind at a high altitude (6,286 feet), but the dangers to the signalmen are in the same proportion increased. The storms which rage around the summit of the mountain are sometimes of the most terrible description, and it has been found necessary to fasten down the house where the observations are taken with immense beams to the rocks. Some idea of the severity of the weather may be gathered from the appearance of the house in our first engraving. There is now a railway to the summit of the mountain, but of course it ceases to run during the winter months. The last engraving represents the living-room of the signalmen, where, notwithstanding the large stove kept continually burning in the winter, the water will actually freeze within a few feet of it.

#### CAPTAIN CHARLES JAMES BROWNRIGG, R.N.,

Was the second son of Captain Marcus Freeman Brownrigg, R.N. He was educated at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, and entered the Navy at the age of thirteen. He saw plenty of active service while still a youngster, having served in the Baltic and Black Sea during the Crimean War, and in the China War of 1857-59. He received medals for his services on these occasions. Next, after a course of gunnery on board the *Excellent*, he was appointed Lieutenant of the *Galatea* on the North American and

#### MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, who died at Reigate on January 3rd, was born at Manchester in 1805. The family belong to a well-known Lancashire clan, and the grandfather, or great-grandfather, was the author of Ainsworth's "Latin Dictionary." Mr. Ainsworth's father was a solicitor there, and the son was brought up to the same profession. But his heart was never in the law, and subsequently he resolved to devote himself to literature, in the joint capacity of author and publisher. The authorship of an early work, called "Sir John Chiverton," which has been attributed to Mr. Ainsworth, is claimed by Mr. John P. Aston, of Manchester. In 1834 appeared the first of his more elaborate novels, "Rookwood," in which Dick Turpin's famous (though apocryphal) "Ride to York" was described with such life-like vigour that readers were attracted on all sides. In 1839 a still greater success was achieved by the novelist, whose "Jack Sheppard" began to be published in *Bentley's Miscellany*. The town was taken by storm; and eight versions of the romance were played on the stage at the same time. Old playgoers will recollect Mrs. Keeley's excellent impersonation of the felonious yet popular hero. In 1840 Mr. Ainsworth succeeded Dickens as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in 1845 he became the proprietor and editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and in 1854 he became the proprietor of *Bentley's Miscellany*. Meanwhile he had begun to paint that long series of pictures of the past on which his fame chiefly rests. We need here only mention a few names, such as "Guy Fawkes," "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," and "Windsor Castle." For some years before his death Mr. Ainsworth led a life of great seclusion, but a few months ago he was prevailed upon to attend a banquet given in his honour at Manchester.



West Indian station. After this he commanded the *Challenger* on the Australian Station for five years, and was thanked by Parliament for his services in the Australian Colonies, including a skirmish with the natives of the Fiji Islands, in July, 1868. Next, while commanding the Naval Barracks at Sheerness, his efforts to promote the comfort and amusement of the seamen was so much appreciated by them that they subscribed to place his portrait in their mess-room. In June, 1880, Captain Brownrigg was at his own request appointed to the *London*, and was very energetic in his efforts to suppress the slave trade.

Unfortunately, there is no other nation in Europe except our own which takes any real trouble to put down the slave trade. Indeed some nations connive at it. The French have settlements on the Comoro Islands, off the Zanzibar coast, they want labourers for their plantations there, they don't ask inconvenient questions as to how these labourers are obtained, they allow a number of Arab dhows to fly the French flag, and they decline to allow any vessel which has obtained this privilege to be searched by our cruisers. Our officers can only examine her papers to make sure that her nationality is what it assumes to be, and, if she is legally French, they can't touch her, although morally certain that she is chock-full of negroes. The French Government should inquire into the ways of their East African colonists, who are indirectly responsible for Captain Brownrigg's lamented death.

This is how it happened. On December 3rd, while inspecting cruising boats off Pemba in the steam-pinnace, he ran alongside a dhow flying French colours in order to verify her nationality. He and his men had no suspicion that they were about to be attacked, when suddenly the Arab crew fired a volley, and boarded the pinnace, some of whose inmates were killed, and others were wounded and driven overboard. For twenty minutes, against desperate odds, Captain Brownrigg fought like a lion. At last he fell, shot through the heart, having received in all twenty-one wounds.

Captain Brownrigg married the only daughter of Admiral W. Norton-Taylor. She is left with seven young children to mourn his loss.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Jackson and Co., Southsea, Hants.

origin, but the grandfather, Jacob, became a Christian, and the father, Ralph, was well known as a West Indian proprietor, a collector of Art-treasures, and a Member of the House of Commons for upwards of thirty years. Ralph Bernal, afterwards Bernal Osborne, the subject of the present notice, was his eldest son. He was born in 1808, was educated at Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered the army at the age of twenty-six, served in the 7th Fusiliers, and retired with the rank of Captain. He added the name of Osborne to his own when, in 1844, he married Miss Osborne, an Irish heiress.

Mr. Osborne's first seat in the House of Commons was for Wycombe in 1841, his last was for Waterford. In 1874, at the General Election, the Home Rulers took the wind completely out of his sails, he was left at the bottom of the poll, and has since remained outside "in the cold." During the interval he sat for a great many constituencies, inasmuch that Mr. Disraeli once apologised for mentioning the wrong name by saying that the honourable member had changed his seat so often that it was difficult to remember which county or borough was at the moment represented by him. In politics Mr. Osborne was a Palmerstonian. Mr. Osborne lost his wife in 1880, after thirty-six years of happy union. Of his two daughters one, Grace, is married, as mentioned above, to the Duke of St. Alban's; the other, Edith, is married to Mr. Henry A. Blake, author of "Irish Sketches," and now one of the magistrates appointed under the Peace Preservation Act.

M. Charles de Rémusat, who saw Mr. Osborne at the Middlesex Election of 1852, speaks of him as "un radical éclairé, mais vif, et qui parle avec plus de verve que de prudence." This last remark is justified by Mr. Osborne's criticism on himself, namely, that his exclusion from office was due to the fact that he had "laughed himself down." Nobody believed in him as likely to make a responsible statesman. His jocosities seem rather poor when repeated in cold blood long afterwards; they need the surroundings amid which they were uttered. But they gained him a great reputation in the House of Commons, where a little fun goes a long way, the kind of men who get into Parliament being rarely of a witty or humorous nature. Mr. Osborne was buried at Bestwood on Tuesday.—Our portrait is from a photograph by L. Caldesi and Co., 13, Pall Mall East.

#### TUNIS—"ZAOUIA," OR COLLEGE OF THE AISSAWIA AT KAIRWÂN

"ZAOUIA, or College of the great Sect of the Aissawia at Kairwân, or disciples of Muhamed Ben Aissa, was first seen by me," writes our artist, "on November 6. This confraternity originated at Mequinez in Morocco. It numbers some hundreds of thousands of followers all over Algeria, Morocco, Tripoli, and Tunis. Next to Mequinez, Kairwân is its headquarters in North Africa. The wholly initiated members of the community inflict horrible tortures on themselves when under the excitement of music played on drum and tambourine by their sheikhs. After a few minutes the cadence becomes more rapid, the people mesmerically affected by it begin to imitate the cries of animals, and to slash their half-naked bodies with swords, &c. On the 7th November, at my request, the chief of the sect, Sy Hamudi, allowed Colonel Moulin, myself, and some French officers to witness their rites. Some 700 Arabs were present, and about forty became under the influence of the excitement and frenzy, which is apparently their 'crowning virtue.' One man swallowed in three minutes over twenty nails, two inches long; another devoured half a glass bottle, a third ran a knife through his cheek, another passed a prong through his nose, a fifth transfixed his shoulder blades with skewers of great size, another held a prong to his stomach, while one of the assistants drove it into his flesh with a mallet (wide drawing), three large cacti, or Indian fig trees, were devoured, and finally a living sheep was torn to pieces, and eaten raw by all the devotees. Nothing could restrain the frenzy of the most excited of them except the laying on of hands by their chief, Sy Hamuda, and his uttering in their ears some mystic words."

#### "TAILORS' BOATS" RACING

THESE boats belong exclusively to the port of Falmouth. They are owned by tailors, and are freighted with clothes, watches, knives, daily papers, in fact, their cargo consists of everything that will tempt sailors or passengers in sailing ships returning from a long voyage. At one time the boats were very numerous, but now, owing to the advance of steam power, they have not the same opportunities to trade. They are fine vessels, cutter-rigged, and built for speed, but at the same time are first-rate sea-boats. They are sometimes to be met with a hundred miles to the west of the Scilly Isles, where they cruise about or remain hove-to for days, on the look-out for a homeward-bound sailing vessel. When a ship is sighted she is cut off and boarded, and the articles are offered for sale, not to be paid for in cash, but to be deducted by the captains out of the men's wages when the ship is paid off. Daily papers, a week old, are often disposed of to passengers for half-a-crown each; this seems a large sum, but after perhaps four months at sea, news from home is cheap at any price.

If a vessel is sighted by two or more tailors' boats at the same time, a race is the result, which is a fine sight, as they "carry on" regardless of the weather and heavy sea. Falmouth, being the most westerly of our ports, is the home port of these vessels. They are little known even at the present day, although they have been employed for years, and before the days of steamers must have carried on a brisk trade.

THE RAILWAY UP MOUNT VESUVIUS has lately been obliged to stop working on account of the heavy showers of ashes, the mountain being in a very eruptive condition. The lava flow has been unusually vigorous, but the ashes have now ceased, and the railway is again taking up numerous British and Americans to see a "live crater."

THE DANGERS TO WHICH RAILWAY OFFICIALS ARE CONTINUALLY EXPOSED are comparatively little thought of by the travelling public, who daily pass in safety through the intricate mass of railway traffic throughout England. Yet the list of last year's casualties may well remind travellers alike of these dangers and of the good work done in the matter by the Railway Benevolent Institution, which relieves both railway officers and servants, and their widows and children in need. This valuable association grants annuities and money allowances to disabled members and widows in distressed circumstances, and clothes, maintains, and educates the orphans, the children of officers being maintained at their own houses, and those of the servants being provided for in a special orphanage at Derby. Part of the funds obtained by public contributions and the subscriptions of railway officers and servants is divided between the officers' and servants' departments in proportion to the amount the members subscribe, and the remainder is devoted to a casualty fund for relieving the widows and orphans of men killed on duty, and for assisting officers and servants in distress, whether members of the institution or no. During the year ending November 16, 1881, this casualty fund relieved 2,294 cases; while, since the institution was established in 1858, pensions varying from 10s. to 25s. have been granted from the general fund to 52 members and 290 widows; while 275 orphans have been maintained and educated. Surely those who owe their safety, comfort, and convenience to so estimable a class of public servants may be disposed to send their mite to the Secretary, Mr. W. F. Mills, at the offices of the institution, 57, Drummond Street, Euston Square, N.W.

In 1826, when he was barely of age, he married Miss Ebers, daughter of the Bond Street publisher.

Judging from the very full and flattering notices of Mr. Ainsworth's literary ability which have appeared since his death, we are inclined to think that during his lifetime, after his first flush of success, he was somewhat underrated by those who are supposed to be literary judges. But though pooh-poohed by the critics, he was devoured by schoolboys, and present opinion seems to indicate that the schoolboys were wiser than the critics. Of course the attractions of the novelist were mightily enhanced by George Cruikshank's wonderful etchings, some of which, such as those of "The Tower of London" and "The Miser's Daughter" rank among his masterpieces. Still even where the great George was absent, Ainsworth could well hold his own, and always commanded a host of eager readers.

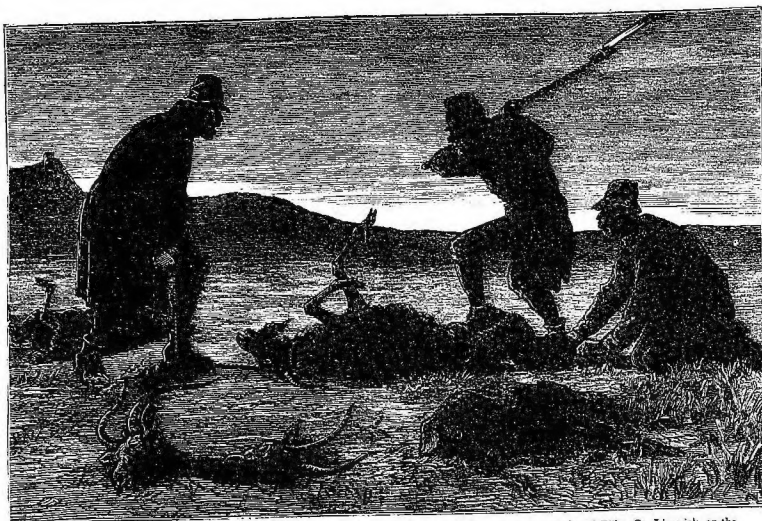
The moral tendency of some of his writings, namely, those which depicted highwaymen and burglars, was severely blamed, and not without cause, for they were the precursors of that "penny dreadful" kind of literature which stimulates adventurous boys among the poor to emulate the career of felonious desperadoes.

Now that Ainsworth is dead, there remains, we believe, only one survivor of the famous Fraser Picture Gallery, drawn by Maclise, namely, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, the late Chaplain-General of the Army. In that series Ainsworth is depicted as a fine handsome man, with a riding-whip in his hand, and surrounded by the brigandish paraphernalia of "Rookwood." "You see," says "Oliver Yorke," who wrote the accompanying letterpress, "what a pretty fellow THE young novelist of the season is." The portrait on this page is from another drawing by Maclise which belonged to the late John Forster, and is now in the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Ainsworth's funeral took place at Kensal Green on Monday.—Our portrait on page 45 is from a photograph by W. and A. H. Fry, 68, East Street, Brighton.

#### MR. BERNAL OSBORNE

THIS well-known wit and politician died at Bestwood Lodge, near Nottingham, the seat of his son-in-law, the Duke of St. Alban's, on the 4th inst. The family of the Bernals were of Jewish





This outrage was not, we think, reported in any of the newspapers. It took place in the mountains of Bilbo, Co. Limerick, on the property of Mr. O'Grady, who described it to our artist. Mr. O'Grady had evicted some tenants, and had police and "emergency men" put into their houses. Being a very lonely district, and as no one about the place would supply them with anything, they kept some goats to get milk from. One night in the last week of November the goats were slaughtered by midnight raiders, who cut their heads clean off, and otherwise brutally mauled them.



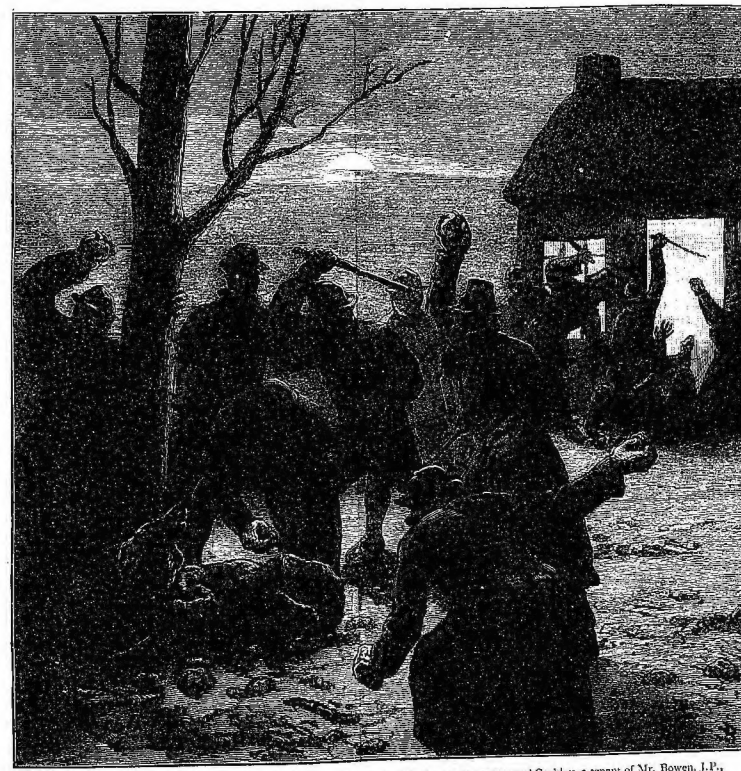
On the last day of the old year a brutal murder was committed in broad daylight at Irishtown, about a mile from Mullingar. About half-past eight o'clock a man wearing a mask entered a house occupied by an aged widow named Anne Croughan and her two daughters, Esther and Anne, and, without uttering a word, presented a revolver at Mrs. Croughan, and fired, but the bullet missed its mark. The woman and Anne, and, without uttering a word, presented a revolver at Mrs. Croughan, and fired, but the bullet missed its mark. The woman and Anne, and, without uttering a word, presented a revolver at Mrs. Croughan, and fired, but the bullet missed its mark. The woman and Anne, and, without uttering a word, presented a revolver at Mrs. Croughan, and fired, but the bullet missed its mark.



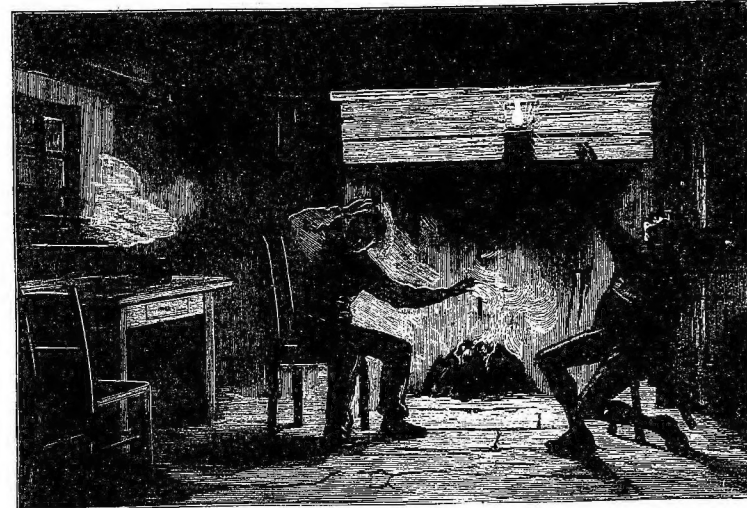
On Dec. 7, at Cordal, near Castle Island, one of Lord Bantry's tenants, named Michael Flynn, who had a few days before paid his rent, was gassed by a loud knocking at the door. He got up and opened the door, when he was pounced on by over a dozen men, armed and disguised, who said he should suffer for his doings. One of them, by directions of a man they called "the captain," fired at his legs, breaking the right thigh bone in two or three places. The ruffians then decamped. Three men named Horan, Connor, and Sullivan were arrested the next day.



This was the dwelling-house of a farmer named M'Cormack, situated in Loughgall, in the County of Armagh. It was maliciously burned to the ground on the night of Dec. 28. M'Cormack had paid his rent. This outrage is remarkable, as having occurred farther north than most crimes of a like nature. The tenant has applied for compensation.



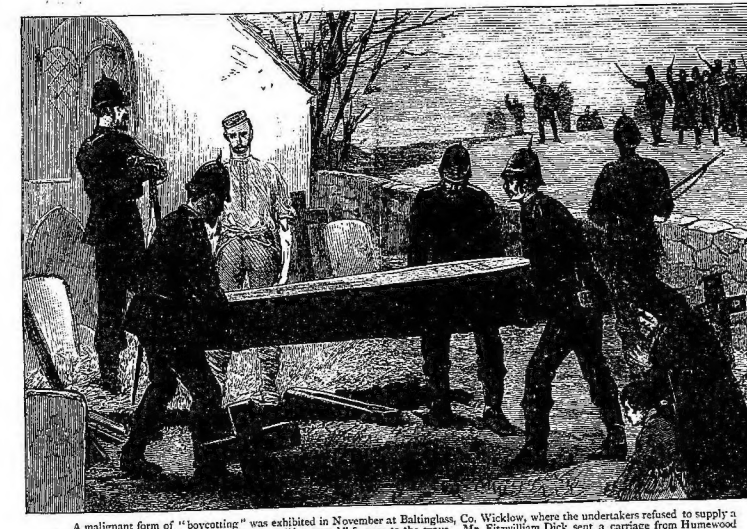
On the night of Thursday, December 1, a party of men went to the dwelling-house of a man named Cookley, a tenant of Mr. Bowen, J.P., of Bowen's Court, Co. Cork. They forcibly entered, and, dragging Cookley out, asked him if he was rearing a hound for the Master of the house. He said he was. The intruders then smashed the windows and upset the furniture, and seized a valuable sheepdog belonging to Hunt. He said he was. The intruders then smashed the windows and upset the furniture, and seized a valuable sheepdog belonging to Hunt. He said he was. The intruders then smashed the windows and upset the furniture, and seized a valuable sheepdog belonging to Hunt.



On December 14, at Ballyfarnon, Co. Roscommon, a man named James Brennan was shot dead through the window while sitting with his brother by his own fireside, the scene of the outrage being within one hundred yards of the Police Barracks. It is supposed that the murder was committed in consequence of his having disobeyed the "No Rent" manifesto, as he had advanced money to his brother for the purpose of paying rent. On the following night the neighbouring hills were aflame with bonfires lit to celebrate this cowardly deed of vengeance.



On Nov. 25, a gang of about twenty men, with blackened faces, broke into a cabin at Scraban, near Lissoy, Co. Kerry, occupied by a woman named Bridget Leane and her three children, who were startled out of their sleep by the bursting in of the door. One of the party struck a light, and the leader saying to the woman, "You have to pay now for acting the informer," pointed his gun at her head; but at that moment one of the children, a boy aged twelve sprang in front of her, crying out, "I know you, and if you harm my mother you will suffer for it." The weapon was, however, discharged, and though the woman escaped, her little girl, aged seven, was wounded in both legs. Before leaving the ruffians threatened to shoot the woman dead if she said anything about the outrage. Eight men were subsequently arrested, and, being identified by Bridget Leane, were all committed for trial.



A malignant form of "boycotting" was exhibited in November at Balinglass, Co. Wicklow, where the undertakers refused to supply a hearse to convey the remains of Mr. Fenton, a "boycotted" farmer, to the grave. Mr. Fitzwilliam Dick sent a carriage from Humewood to the funeral and an escort of constabulary had to accompany the carriage. A similar scene has taken place more recently, at Mill Street, Co. Cork, where the police had to bury a woman who had dealt with a "boycotted" shopkeeper.

## THE CONDITION OF IRELAND UNDER THE "NO RENT" POLICY

NOTE.—THESE SKETCHES ARE FROM OUR ARTIST IN IRELAND, AND EACH DEPICTS AN ACTUAL FACT, ALTHOUGH FOR OBVIOUS REASONS THEY ARE NOT BY NATURE



## HOME.

**POLITICAL MATTERS.**—Cabinet meetings were held on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, and some of the daily papers have amused themselves with guesses as to the subjects discussed and the conclusions arrived at, but no authoritative statement has been published. Among the public speeches of the week, first in importance, as well as in date, were those of Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain at Birmingham, in which it was declared that the rumours about "divisions" in the Cabinet were "all nonsense;" and the announcement was made that the first reform to be undertaken by the Ministry would be that of Parliamentary Procedure. On Monday Mr. Osborne Morgan, addressing his constituents at Wrexham, reminded them that the policy of the Government in the Transvaal, which had been stigmatised as "cowardly," was described both by M. Gambetta and the Duc de Broglie as a model of true courage, wisdom, and statesmanship. Speaking of the army, he said that the service was now more popular than ever, and that not only was the number of recruits increasing, but the men were better in physique, in conduct, and in intelligence. Ireland still caused the greatest anxiety; but there were signs of improvement even there. Outrages were decreasing in number, juries were beginning to convict, and the power of the Land League was unquestionably broken. The Liberal party were never so united as now; and Mr. Gladstone, so long as health and strength lasted to him, was the only possible Prime Minister of England. On Tuesday Colonel Stanley, speaking at Blackpool, disclaimed ever having been an extreme politician. He would not hold the Government absolutely responsible for not being able to keep order in Ireland, but the population had been misguided, and this had resulted in consequences to which no British Government could submit. It had been stated that he was in favour of "Fair Trade," or "Reciprocity." He was the reverse, not being able to see precisely what course its advocates intended to take. Mr. J. Lowther, speaking on the same day at Middlesbrough, said that the present condition of Ireland had been brought about by the deliberate—he would add the criminal—neglect of his successors in office. On Wednesday Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in a speech at Aspatia, Cumberland, condemned the great expenditure of money at elections, and said that although 40,000 signatures had been attached to the "disreputable petition" for the release of the convicted bribers, he would be surprised if there was the name of a single working man. The petition was the strongest proof they could have of the "miserable rottenness of the upper classes."

**OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.**—On Tuesday Sir W. Armstrong, in his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, spoke at great length of the manifold changes and improvements which have been, and are being, made in naval architecture and artillery engineering, and counselled the Government to be on the alert in these respects, lest England should be left behind by foreign Powers. On the following day, Lord H. Lennox, speaking at Portsmouth, repeated the assertion which he recently made to the effect that, not only were we not able to resist a combination of Powers, but we were within a measurable distance of being over-matched by France alone.

**EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.**—Suggestions have this week been made in *The Times* that educated women might be appropriately and profitably employed as lawyer's clerks, and also as dispensing chemists. Both ideas are good, and will probably be acted upon before long, notwithstanding Mr. Punch's chaff about "Portia in Petticoats."

**A BODY-SNATCHING SCARE,** clearly the outcome of the reports concerning the Dunecht outrage, produced much excitement last week, the rumour being that an attempt had been made to carry off the bodies of the ex-Emperor of the French and his son from the mausoleum at Chislehurst. It was, however, found that the tombs had not been tampered with, and that the only foundation for the story was the fact that an anonymous warning, or threat, had been sent to Father Goddard, telling him to "Beware of body-snatchers." The remains are carefully guarded, and the coffins are now to be connected with an electrical alarm in the clergyman's house.

**THE CANONBURY COLLISIONS.**—Colonel Yolland's report on this catastrophe coincides with the finding of the coroner's jury. He says that the signalman Hovey "had no right whatever to depart from the strict letter of the North London Company's instructions;" and he recommends the abolition of the "permissive block" on all lines where the traffic is heavy or frequent.

**DINNER LECTURES,** that is, discourses to be delivered whilst the auditors are consuming their mid-day meals, are about to be started by the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association for the benefit of the operatives employed in large works. The speakers will need to possess good lung-power to overcome the clatter of knives, forks, and plates, and the intermittent orders and responses between the diners and waiters; and it is to be hoped that the subjects chosen will not be of a needlessly indigestible character.

## FOREIGN.

**FRANCE.**—The triennial elections to the Senate, which took place last Sunday, have proved a complete triumph for M. Gambetta. Out of 79 successful candidates, 66 were Republicans, and only 13 Reactionaries, the Republicans gaining 24 seats, which, together with three won from the Centre group, presided over by M. Jules Simon, makes a clear gain of 27 seats. The Republicans now muster 187 in the Senate, the Jules Simon group 20, and the Reactionaries 93. Nevertheless it appears that M. Gambetta has in no way abandoned his determination to revise the Upper House, but that, on the contrary, against the advice of his friends, he has determined to begin the Session with such a measure as well as with his proposition to revive the system of Parliamentary elections by *Scrutin de liste*. Thus, when the Session opened on Tuesday, the gossip in the lobbies wholly related to these measures, and there was no lack of hostile expressions used towards the Premier and his high-handed policy. Whether those Deputies, then so free with their opinions, will venture to repeat them in the Tribune, remains to be seen. It is significant, however, that the conversation mainly turned upon the means of thwarting, and not of supporting, M. Gambetta, whom many of his brother politicians now seem as anxious to turn out of office as a few months since they were to put him in. Perhaps, however, the latter was somewhat prompted by a sense of favours to come, which have not been realised. In the Senate M. Gauthier de Roumilly, who, as the oldest member, took the temporary Presidency at the opening sitting, made a staunch defence of that body, declaring that the recent elections had rendered the scheme for revision superfluous, as the Government now had a majority anxious to vote in accord with the Chamber all reforms useful to the country. "Progress," he declared, "did not consist in the instability of the Constitutional laws." Turning to

the *Scrutin de liste* proposal, he pointed out that the existing system of *Scrutin d'arrondissement* has secured for the Government a greatly increased majority, and defended the action of the Senate in the matter last year. It will be curious to note whether at the last moment M. Gambetta will hesitate before plunging Parliament and the country at large into what seems a useless crisis, and turn his attention to the various judicial, administrative, economic, and military reforms, to the initiation of which his followers, and indeed all France, had looked on his accession to office. At present, however, the *République Française* warns people that they must either accept *Scrutin de liste* or M. Gambetta's resignation.

There is little other news, either political or social, save that on Sunday there was a Radical demonstration in honour of Blanqui. A number of Irreconcilables had determined to go in procession to Blanqui's grave, in spite of a police prohibition, and a disturbance ensued, in which Madame Louise Michel and an ex-Communist general named Eudès were arrested. The former was condemned to a fortnight's imprisonment, and the latter, who was remanded, will probably be more heavily punished. The only social gossip in Paris relates to the successful first representation of M. Georges Ohnet's drama *Serge Panin* at the Gymnase, and the recent Parisian census, which shows the French capital to possess a population of 2,225,900, against 1,988,800 in 1876, and 1,851,792 in 1872.

**GERMANY** has been startled by a rescript issued to the Prussian Ministry by the Emperor as King of Prussia insisting upon his constitutional right to "direct the Government and policy of Prussia in accordance with his own judgment." "The official acts of the King," he continues, "require the counter-signature of a Minister, and are to be carried out by the King's Ministers, but they remain the official acts of the King, in whose resolve they have their origin, and who in them gives constitutional expression to his will. It is, therefore, not permissible, and can only tend to obscure the constitutional rights of the King, to represent their exercise as proceeding from the responsible Ministers, and not from the King himself. . . . It is, therefore, my will that in Prussia, and also in the legislative bodies of the Empire, no doubt shall be allowed to attach to my constitutional right, or that of my successors, to personally direct the policy of my Government, and that a contradiction shall invariably be given to the assumption that either the inviolability of the person of the King . . . or the necessity of a counter-signature of my official acts, has deprived them of the nature of independent Royal decisions." The Emperor then, "while far from willing to restrict the freedom of elections," plainly tells all officials that he expects them to support the policy of his Government even at election time, or, at all events, to hold aloof from any counter agitation. This manifesto, which is countersigned by Prince Bismarck, is evidently a reply of the latter to the protestations which have been made in Parliament against his continually dragging the name of the Monarch into the heat of the debate, and has naturally caused an immense sensation, not only in Germany, but throughout Europe, where such an autocratic declaration of kingly independence in political affairs is something out of the common in these essentially democratic days. In Germany it has aroused considerable consternation, and, though the Press dare not condemn the step outright, the Liberal journals are doing their best to do so indirectly, while in Parliamentary circles the declaration has excited great indignation. Taken with a speech Prince Bismarck made on Monday in the Reichstag, in which he declared that his plans for improving the condition of the working man had been upset by the elections, in which "the working man himself repelled the efforts of the Government," the manifesto, though ostensibly addressed simply to the Prussian Ministry, is evidently intended equally as an Imperial declaration, and, it is thought, foreshadows another dissolution of the German Parliament. What the result of the Emperor's personal interference in the heated arena of foreign politics will be, it is impossible to guess. Matters in Germany are very different now from what they were in 1862, when the great battle of army organisation was being fought, and King William and his faithful henchman set Parliament at naught with impunity. It is not now a military question, but general constitutional principles of the highest gravity which are at stake, and, during the last twenty years Germany, with her increased facilities for education, and her enhanced European status, has not grown more tolerant of autocratic rule and of absolutism, much as, personally speaking, she is attached to her aged Emperor. The matter ere long will undoubtedly be warmly debated in the Imperial Reichstag, and one cannot but regret that the name of so widely respected a sovereign should be made the theme of passionate party declamation. A conflict between the Emperor and his Chancellor on the one side, and a Parliament elected by a very large majority of the nation on the other, can work no good either to the dignity nor the stability of the German Empire.

Abroad the criticisms have been free and pretty generally hostile. In Vienna the *Neue Freie Presse* declares that "Austria, Germany's ally, cannot possibly accept doctrines like these if it is desired that a constitutional régime should continue in monarchical States. The decree is dangerous to monarchical traditions . . . and means a declaration of war against the entire constitutional system of Europe." Another journal calls the decree "naked absolutism," and a third denounces Prince Bismarck as "a perjured criminal who deserves the punishment of a traitor." In Italy the Clerical press "did not hope for so much," and the Liberal *Francia* remarks that there may be "plenty of judges, but no judgment in Germany," while in France some journals term the step a *coup d'état*, and M. Gambetta's organ, the *Paris*, observes that "the King himself by his own utterances changed the opposition which has aimed at remaining constitutional into dynastic opposition." The *Temps* fears that the conflict between the Crown and the people is entering a new and active phase, and remarks, "The Sovereign dwells upon his personal power at the very time when public opinion in Germany demands more emphatically than ever respect for and even extension of Parliamentary rights."

**EGYPT.**—The statement that England and France had prepared a joint Note to Egypt announcing to the Khedive that they were prepared to interfere actively should the tranquillity of the country be threatened, either from the outside or from internal agitation, has been verified, and the Note in question was presented on Saturday by the British and French Consuls-General. The Note declares that the two Powers are agreed upon supporting the Khedive and his Government against "difficulties of various kinds which might impede the progress of public affairs in Egypt." They consider the Khedive's "maintenance on the throne under the conditions sanctioned by successive Firmans of the Porte, and which they have officially accepted, as being at present and in the future the only possible guarantee for the maintenance of order and the development of the general prosperity of the country, in which England and France are equally interested." They are determined to ward off by their united efforts all causes of internal and external complications which might menace the régime established in Egypt, and think that this assurance will contribute to present "dangers which the Khedive might have to dread, and which would certainly find England and France united to face them." The Khedive, we are told, in his reply warmly thanks the Consuls for the solicitude shown for his person and the welfare of his country, and the Note has produced a favourable impression in Government circles. It is generally regarded as directed fully against any interference of the Porte with Egyptian affairs, and against the Sultan's cherished project of a great Pan-Islamic revival throughout Northern Africa. It is equally addressed to the Nationalist party and the Army (who, by the way, are very angry with Arabi Pasha for having

accepted office in the Khedive's Ministry), and is said to have aroused considerable excitement, and even consternation, amongst them. In Turkey also, as might be imagined, the Note has not met with the most flattering reception, but owing to the excitement in Germany and Austria respecting Emperor William's manifesto, it has excited wonderfully little comment there. The Vienna Press have, of course, indulged in a semi-growl, and declare that when intervention is really rendered necessary Austria must not be left out in the cold. France also has been occupied with her private affairs, and the chief remarks have come from the *Temps*, which declares that "far from aiming at a combined occupation, England and France are endeavouring to render it unnecessary by guarantees which, by giving more force to the maintenance of the *status quo*, will contribute to the removal of the causes of complications which might lead to such a contingency." Had Emperor William and M. Gambetta not almost wholly occupied European attention just now the Note would probably have excited far more comment, and that of a much more hostile character.

**INDIA.**—There is a little more cheerful news from Afghanistan this week. At Cabul Ameer Abdurrahman is said to have been greatly pleased with his reception, having been met on his approach by large numbers of people of all classes tendering their congratulations. Caravans are also stated to be passing freely between Herat and Candahar, where the new Governor, Abdul Rasul Khan, appears to be creating a very favourable impression.

In India proper Lady Fergusson, the wife of the Governor of Bombay, has died of cholera. In Calcutta a Fine Arts Exhibition has been opened by the Viceroy. This Mr. Prinsep, the President, claims to be the most extensive and varied ever held in India.

There is a serious crisis pending in Burmah, whence it is reported that King Thebaw is insane, and therefore, according to Burmese law, his dethronement has become necessary. The next heirs are his two cousins, but the most powerful Ministers are in favour of the appointment of the Queen as Regent.

**UNITED STATES.**—Guiteau's trial at last shows some symptoms of coming to an end, and on Monday Mr. Porter began his closing address for the prosecution, arguing with great force, and describing Guiteau's crime and conduct in the strongest language. Guiteau was quieter than usual, manifestly winced under the indictment, and ultimately resumed his interruptions, which, however, had no effect upon the counsel, who described his brawling as "fast tightening the hangman's noose about his neck." Finally the prisoner cried out, "I stake my life on the issue. I am willing to go to the gallows to-morrow if it is the Lord's will. Judge Porter, I wish you would get your 5,000 dollars and go home." Judge Cox then began to instruct the jury on the judicial points of the case, decided the question of the Court's jurisdiction against the defence, and on the question of the legal test of insanity declared that knowledge and appreciation of the difference between right and wrong must be taken as the correct test. When, however, he reached the question of reasonable doubt he said, "I shall not charge the jury to acquit if they find that there is a reasonable doubt as to any one element in the case, but shall take into consideration, and charge them relative to all the elements, and tell them that, if from all the circumstances and evidence, they have a reasonable doubt of the commission by the defendant of the crime as charged, then they should acquit him."

Small-pox is increasing at an alarming rate in the United States, and the health authorities are urging upon President Arthur the necessity for immediate legislation, and the compulsory vaccination of all immigrants.—An infernal machine has exploded on board the British steamer *Oxenholme* while on her way to New Orleans. It was found, with several others, concealed in the cargo, and is supposed to have been put on board at Liverpool.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The King and Queen of Spain are visiting Portugal, and are meeting with an enthusiastic official and popular welcome at Lisbon.—In AUSTRIA the Dalmatian rising is exciting considerable attention, and further relays of troops are being despatched to the disturbed districts, while the erection of numerous block-houses is being planned.—In ITALY General Garibaldi has met with a slight carriage accident. On Monday, the anniversary of the death of King Victor Emmanuel, was observed at Rome with more than usual solemnity. More than 25,000 people formed the crowd in and around the Pantheon, where the King is buried.—In AUSTRALIA most glowing financial accounts come from New South Wales, where the revenue for 1881 amounted to 6,710,000*l.*, being an increase over that for 1880 of 1,800,000*l.*, and 366,000*l.* in excess of the estimates.

## THE COURT.

The Queen and the Princess Beatrice will leave Osborne for Windsor about February 20th. Her Majesty on Saturday received the new Dean of Westminster, who kissed hands on his appointment, and subsequently joined the Royal party at dinner, while on Sunday morning the Dean performed Divine Service at Osborne before the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold. In the afternoon Her Majesty gave audience to Mr. Forster, who with the Dean of Westminster and Sir H. Ponsonby dined with the Queen in the evening. On Monday Prince Leopold left Osborne, and next day the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived on a visit, crossing over in the *Alberta* to East Cowes, where she was met by the Princess Beatrice.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge on Saturday, having during his stay shot over Windsor Park, and hunted with Mr. Garth's fox-hounds at Billingbear Park, where the Duke of Connaught and Prince Christian joined the party. Returning to town the Prince of Wales went to the Concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the sufferers by the late Vienna fire, while on Monday he left town to stay with the Earl of Stamford and Warrington at Bradgate Park, Leicestershire, as detailed elsewhere. The Princess of Wales remains at Sandringham with her daughters, and on Sunday attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's.—The Prince will dine with the members of the Savage Club on Feb. 11th, and, with the Princess will be present on the 15th prox. at a ball given by the Hon. Artillery Company, of which regiment he is Captain-General and Colonel. The Prince has given 25*l.* to the Drake Memorial, and has promised a further contribution if the memorial reaches national proportions.—Princes Albert Victor and George reached Singapore on Monday in the *Bacchante*, and sail next Sunday for Colombo. During their visit to Ceylon the Indian Government will provide an elephant kraal for the Princes' entertainment. Prince Albert Victor was eighteen years old on Saturday.

Prince Leopold's marriage with Princess Hélène of Waldeck will, it is stated, take place either at St. George's, Windsor, or in the Private Chapel of the Castle. The Royal yacht is being prepared for March 1st in order to bring over the bride with her sister and brother-in-law, the Queen and King of the Netherlands, and the remainder of the family, the *Victoria and Albert* being escorted by the Dutch Squadron now cruising in the Atlantic. A "Nuptial March" for the wedding ceremony is to be composed by M. Gounod at the Queen's request. Meanwhile



Prince Leopold has gone to Arolsen on a lengthened visit to his betrothed. Before leaving England the Prince stopped at Portsmouth to receive a congratulatory address on his coming marriage from the Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar Lodge of Freemasons, of which he has become an honorary member, while on Tuesday he visited Newgate Prison, starting in the evening *via* Dover and Calais.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne spent Saturday to Monday with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell Park. The Marquis left for Canada on Wednesday in the *Parisian*, the Princess accompanying her husband to Liverpool, but returning to town in the evening.—The Duke of Cambridge on Tuesday attended the funeral of his old friend and private secretary, Gen. Macdonald, at Thorpe, near Bridlington.



**THE NEW BISHOPRIC OF NEWCASTLE**, according to the *World*, has been conferred on the Rev. George Henry Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle, is to be the Cathedral of the new diocese, and in it has just been placed a new organ, built at a cost of 3,500*l*. The Bishop of Durham preached there last Sunday, and during his stay in the city was the guest of Mr. John W. Pease, the donor of Benwell Tower.

**THE DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER**.—Dr. Thorold announces in a letter to *The Times* that he has received from another "London Merchant" a promise of 2,000*l*. towards what he suggests should be called the "Ten Churches' Fund for South London." His lordship has also had an offer of 50*l*. from a tutor at a great public school.

**A PUBLIC WORSHIP CENSUS** was taken in Edinburgh last Sunday, the number of attendances at two services (either forenoon and afternoon, or forenoon and evening) being reckoned in each case. The Free Churches mustered 28,558, the Established, 27,096, the United Presbyterian, 20,734, the Episcopal, 9,421, the Roman Catholic, 5,698; and other churches, 10,206; a total of 101,723. The population, according to the late census, was 228,000; so that it seems that less than half the inhabitants went to any place of worship, even supposing that none of the church-goers were reckoned twice, which was probably the case with a large proportion.

**THE WESLEYANS AND THE POPE**.—The Connexional Committee of Exigency has sent to the Premier and to Earl Granville a letter referring to the rumours of a contemplated re-opening of diplomatic relations between the Government of this country and the Vatican, and declaring that if they should prove to be well founded they will "advise the Methodist Connexion to take active measures either alone or in concert with other Protestants to prevent so unwise and unsafe a measure from taking practical effect."

**A "MIRACLE PLAY,"** consisting of a series of *tableaux vivants*, illustrative of Biblical history, has recently been several times performed at Ross Lench, a village in Worcestershire. The Rector himself, the Rev. W. K. W. Chafy-Chafy, acted as Chorus, and among fifty-two parishioners who took part in the performance were an old lady of eighty-two, who impersonated the aged Anna in the Temple, and a boy aged four, who represented the Child Jesus.

**A DISAPPOINTED CONGREGATION**.—A large number of anti-vivisectionists, medical men, and others from all parts of London were attracted last Sunday to the church of St. Barnabas, Stockwell, by the announcement that the Rev. Richard Hill would preach on "Scientific Experiments on Organic Life—a Necessity—No Sin," and many of those assembled must have been disappointed to find upon the walls a notice to the effect that Mr. Hill, "having ascertained that his views on scientific experiments were mistaken and misrepresented (*sic*)," had resolved to preach on another subject.



It is reported that Herr Neumann (Wagner's *impresario elect*) has engaged the composer, Herr Paul Geister, as assistant conductor for the proposed Wagnerian performances in Paris and London. Whether Herr Geister's services will be required in the first-named city seems, at the least, doubtful, the French and German Governments being agreed that the production of one of Wagner's operas in a Paris theatre just now—notwithstanding the applause bestowed upon his music by a considerable majority at the Popular Concerts of MM. Pasdeloup, Colonne, and Lamoureux—might be dangerous. On the other hand, a sort of compromise is entertained with regard to *Lohengrin*, which, it is thought, if translated into the French language and represented by French artists, might pass without opposition; but it remains to be seen who are precisely the French artists likely thus to be employed. Mdlle. Krauss, the dramatic singer by universal consent at the Grand Opera, is a German; while M. Mierzwinski, its "robust tenor," is a Pole. Nevertheless, if, in their extremity, they fall back on Mdlle. Caroline Salla, once so much extolled at Her Majesty's Theatre, their case would be not so bad; while, on the other hand, the theatre in contemplation may not, after all, be the Grand Opera, but the Théâtre des Nations, in which case it would be hard to obtain the assistance of Mdlle. Salla, who has all the qualifications of person, voice, and dramatic talent for the character of Elsa. Time will show, however. Herr Neumann is as clever as he is pushing, and has hitherto succeeded wonderfully well in his great Wagnerian enterprise. It may be added here that Herr and Madame Vogl, two of Wagner's pet singers, have been refused permission to assist in the contemplated performances of *Lohengrin* in the French capital, on the plea that their absence would interfere with the ordinary arrangements at the Munich Theatre Royal.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY**.—After the *Messiah* followed, as a matter of course, *Elijah*, which, cast in a highly efficient manner, and under such a conductor as Sir Michael Costa, who knows every note of Mendelssohn's second oratorio, the greatest modern example of its kind, could not fail of zealous and in every particular sympathetic interpretation. The crowded audience that flocked to St. James's Hall went far to show that the popularity of *Elijah* is in no way diminishing, while the strict attention bestowed upon its every detail, accompanied by the hearty recognition of those numbers which invariably captivate the majority of listeners, gave further proof of how deeply the work has laid hold of the affections of the English lovers of sacred music aptly wedded to one of the most striking passages of Biblical record. In stating that the four leading singers were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. McGuckin (substitute for Mr. Joseph Maas, prevented by indisposition from appearing), and Mr. Santley; that the pathetic air, "Woe unto them," was assigned to Miss Marian Hancock; and that the other vocalists who took part in the concerted pieces were without exception competent, enough has been said. For the next concert (February 3rd) we are promised an interesting miscellaneous programme, including Handel's Coronation Anthem ("Zadok the Priest"), Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS**.—The concert of Wednesday morning last was none the less enjoyable because the programme consisted chiefly of well-known melodies. Madame Antoinette Sterling, in Blumenthal's "Wedding Day," Miss Mary Davies in Marzials' "Miller and Maid," Madame Isabel Fassett in "Will He Come?" Mr. Edward Lloyd in "The Distant Shore," and Mr. Santley in Behrends' "Barkshire Tragedy," were all enthusiastically applauded. The concert on Wednesday evening next will be devoted to Irish songs.

**WAIFS**.—Anton Rubinstein is about to visit Berlin, in order to consult with Herr Roderich Fels, who is preparing for the famous Moldavian *virtuoso* the libretto of a comic operetta. It will be pleasant to detect the composer of the *Maccabees*, the *Tower of Babel*, the *Demon*, &c., under a *buffo* mask.—The Municipal Council of Königsberg have rejected by a very large majority the proposal for granting a subsidy to the Stadttheater. Yet Königsberg has always been regarded as a city strongly in favour of stage performances, both dramatic and musical.—The authorities of Naples, with a view to the greater security of the public, have prohibited fireworks being used in theatres.—We read in the Viennese papers that contributions in aid of the surviving sufferers by the destruction of the Ring Theatre had already reached 1,017,000 florins.—We have good authority for stating that the chamber-concerts of the Musical Union, so long directed by Professor John Ella, are *not* to be discontinued, but that they will be carried on as usual by M. Lasserre, the well-known violoncellist, who took them up when Professor Ella seceded. The more of such associations the better.—Mr. Oliver King, pianist to the Princess Louisa in Canada, has left Ottawa for New York.—Misses Mary and Ella Lemmens, daughters of our own popular soprano, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, sang at the first concert of the Cercle Musical in Ghent, the famous Dutch violoncellist, Jules de Sweet, also taking part in the programme. The Misses Lemmens seem to be making rapid progress in their art. They come from a good stock, both on the father's and the mother's side.—The future husband of Miss Clara Kellogg (so well known and admired by English amateurs) is Mr. T. B. Whitney, a gentleman of wealth and position.—Mdlle. Turolla, the original at Mr. Gye's theatre of the leading character in M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*, has met with unanimous approval in Lisbon, as the heroine of Halévy's most highly-estimated opera, *La Juive*.—Tamberik, the ever-green tenor, most particularly beloved in Spain, has excited renewed enthusiasm at Malaga, in Donizetti's *Pohuto*, his performance in which at our own Royal Italian Opera, many years ago, is still remembered.—The sculptor, Godebsky, has been commissioned by the Municipality of Verviers to make a large bronze statue of Henri Vieuxtemps, the most renowned of Belgian violinists. Godebsky had already executed a statue of Servais, who in Belgium, as violoncellist, held a position similar to that of Vieuxtemps as violinist. He is also responsible for the monument to Théophile Gautier in Paris. Servais was Godebsky's father-in-law.—Madame Annette Essipoff, whose "fairy fingers" on the piano never fail to enchant, has given five concerts in Copenhagen with brilliant success. She has also played twice at Court. The Queen presented her with a medallion set in pearls, with Her Majesty's portrait, the King conferring upon her the medal for Art and Science.—The death is announced at Darmstadt of Herr Carl Brandt, the renowned stage-machinist to whom Wagner was so deeply indebted for his artistic contributions to the performances of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in the "Festival-Stage-Play-House," on the occasion of the memorable "world's meeting" in 1866, at Bayreuth. Herr Brandt had already planned and sketched out all necessary arrangements for the forthcoming representations of *Parsifal*, Wagner's last opera, in the summer of the present year; but these will have to be carried out by another hand.—The concert organised by Pauline Lucca for the benefit of the surviving sufferers through the disaster at the Ring Theatre brought a receipt of 2,044 florins, after all expenses were defrayed.



**THE OLYMPIC Theatre** has reopened under the management of Miss Telbin with a revival of Mr. G. R. Sims's amusing farcical comedy, *The Member for Slocum*, originally brought out at the Royalty some months ago. It is acted with spirit by a fairly efficient company. The introductory piece of the programme is a musical trifle called *The Rustic Maiden*.

Mr. Herman Merivale's new play, *The Cynic, being the Shadow of an Old Legend in Modern Life*, will be produced this evening at the GLOBE Theatre. The "old legend" referred to is the story of Faust, or Faustus. Miss Litton, Mr. Herman Vezin, Miss Willes, Mr. A. Dacre, and Mr. David Fisher will sustain the leading characters.

A correspondent writes to suggest that it would be "humane to dispense with the live pigeons" who give so natural an air to the thatched dovecote in the Covent Garden pantomime. We believe, however, that the supposed cruelty is purely imaginary. The birds are indeed prevented from flying away by a light thread attached to a leg or wing; but that this does not distress them greatly must be obvious to any visitor who has observed them carefully, as we have done, with an opera glass, by aid of which they will be seen to be generally pecking about at straws and other things, and evidently making themselves quite at home. The whole scene of the village and farm is a wonderful piece of realism, besides being extremely picturesque, while the little performers, literally hundreds in number, who take part in it furnish abundant entertainment of the kind in which young folk at the play delight.

"Have you a seat anywhere near the door?" is an inquiry with which the ears of box-office keepers have become very familiar since the Vienna accident, and the subsequent exaggerated narratives of panic in theatres nearer home. At some of the popular houses in the Strand a score of such applications in an evening have, we are assured, not been an uncommon fact. The demand for these exceptionally safe corners is now, we learn, subsiding; but altogether recent events have exercised a very depressing effect upon managerial receipts this holiday time. In some houses the loss is estimated at not less than 40*l*. a night. It is satisfactory to know that since the deplorable news of the Vienna calamity arrived there is scarcely a house in London which has not greatly improved its arrangements for enabling audiences to disperse quickly.

The controversy between Mr. Pinero, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Comyns-Carr regarding *The Squire* has raged for some days in the columns of the *Daily News*, without, however, extorting from Mr. Pinero an admission of his too-obvious obligations to Mr. Hardy's fine story of English rural life, "Far From the Madding Crowd." That *The Squire* is an adaptation of the novel is attested by the unanimous verdict of those critics who were able to compare the two works. It is worth observing, particularly as the fact has, we believe, been nowhere pointed out—that even the scene-painter can hardly have been unacquainted with the source of the play since the very peculiar half-ecclesiastical architecture of Bathsheba Everdene's farm-house and its surroundings, as described by Mr. Hardy, has been carefully followed.

The FOLLY—henceforth to be known as "Toole's Theatre,"—will reopen on the 31st instant, enlarged and considerably altered,

with a view particularly to the safety of visitors in case of panics. Several new and commodious exits have been added.

Mr. IRVING has expressed himself willing to deliver lectures on acting at the new School and College of Dramatic Art, if the scheme should be carried out. He is of opinion, however, that the institution should originate in the efforts of outside patrons of the Stage, rather than in those of professional actors.

At the CRITERION, a revival of *The Great Divorce Case*, founded on *La Boule*, has taken the place of Mr. Gilbert's *Fogarty's Fairy*.

MR. D'OVLV CARTE has signalled the 567th performance of *Patience*, here and in America, by the issue of a little commemorative work in the form of an elaborate play-bill. It is exceedingly well got up, contains the cast of the opera as played in London and New York, and a series of spirited sketches of striking scenes. The little volume is a fit memento of a well-deserved success.



**THE NEW AMERICAN HALFPENNY STAMPS**, bearing the portrait of President Garfield, are stated to be the handsomest ever issued. The stamp shows a three-quarter face, the likeness being particularly striking.

PRINCE BISMARCK has sent his autograph to a Teutonic Charitable Society, which appeals for the signatures of celebrated persons to sell them for the profit of the charity—so says the *Paris Figaro*. The Chancellor's motto, accompanying the signature, was "Patriæ inserviendū consumor."

**FURTHER TRACES OF THE "JEANNETTE"** are reported by the Russian explorer M. Sukowsky, who started in search of the vessel early last year, and, after passing through Behring's Straits, has come back through China to Irkutsk. He met last August the American search vessel *Rodgers*, in St. Lawrence Bay, where they were told by the captain of a wrecked whaler that he had seen a boat with dead men on board driven upon Herald Island. In the boat were some silver spoons, engraved with the name *Jeannette*. The *Rodgers* accordingly left at once for Herald Island, where the captain intended to winter so as to scour the island and its neighbourhood by the aid of powerful Kamshatkan dogs.

**THE FIRST SURVEY OF EASTERN PALESTINE** has been made by Lieut. Conder, who has now returned to Jerusalem, bringing back the plans and photographs of many places of special interest, including, in particular, Heshbon and the great Castle of Hircanus. Over 600 names have been collected, 200 miles of country examined, and several Bible identifications are proposed. This part of Palestine contains an enormous number of cromlechs, not scattered, but grouped closely at certain centres, which represent the old sacred places of the primitive inhabitants. Lieut. Conder suggests that the "bedstead" of Og, King of Bashan, mentioned in Deut. ii. 3, and which should be translated "throne," probably refers to one of these cromlechs.

**A DARING EXCURSION IN THE BERNESE ALPS** has lately been made by two Englishmen, accompanied by two Meiringen guides. They first attempted to ascend the Galenstock, but after spending the night on the Grimselhorn, and visiting the Aar glacier, they were obliged to return defeated. They next started to ascend the Schafhorn, Schwarzhorn, Axalperhorn, and Schwabenhorn, and achieved their task safely so far as the third peak, the snow being very deep and dangerous. While ascending the Axalperhorn, however, an avalanche swept away the guides and one of the British mountaineers. The guides freed themselves by a vigorous leap, but the Englishman was only extricated after much trouble. The party, however, got safely home to Meiringen all well after five days' absence.

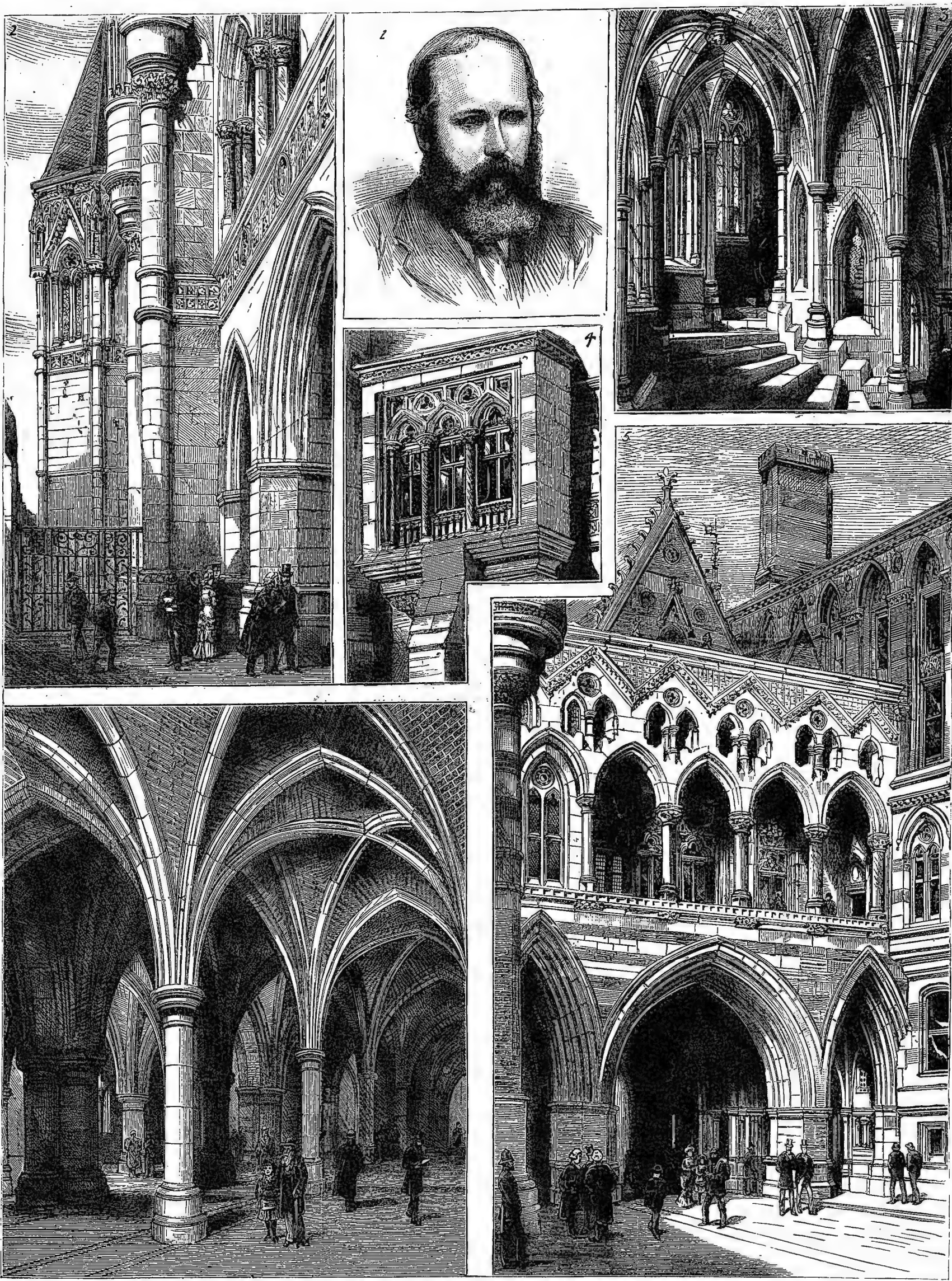
**THE BRIBERY DISCLOSURES IN ENGLAND** have greatly shocked the "mild Hindoo," whose press are improving the opportunity to lecture their rulers, while naively admitting the occasional necessity of monetary persuasion. One journal asks what the Anglo-Indians can say to the "rank corruption prevailing in such high quarters as the recent general election in England. For once their rabid rant against the natives ought to cease in the face of such scandal. That election agents should at times stoop to illegal gratification may not in itself be so bad; but when it is remembered that this mean shift is resorted to in order to procure seats in the Legislature of the country—a Legislature on whose decision rests its fate—the deed may be characterised as monstrous, to use the mildest term."

**LONDON MORTALITY** decreased last week, and 1,858 deaths were registered, against 2,079 during the previous seven days, a decline of 221, being 23 above the average, and at the rate of 24.9 per 1,000. These were 20 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 12), 53 from measles (a decline of 8), 44 from scarlet fever (an increase of 1), 13 from diphtheria (a decline of 5), 103 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 21), 1 from typhus fever, 21 from enteric fever (a decline of 4), 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 12 from diarrhoea (an increase of 2), 1 from cholera, and 489 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 107, and 3 below the average), of which 330 were attributed to bronchitis and 109 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 90 deaths; 77 were the result of accident or negligence. Twelve cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,799 births against 2,386 during the previous week, being 28 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 43.9 deg., and 6.2 deg. above the average.

**GERMAN PRINCESSES** are proverbially industrious, but the young Princess William of Prussia has this year introduced a practice well worthy of imitation. Every week she invites a number of ladies to meet at the Potsdam Palace for a sewing bee, at which garments are made for poor children. Their useful handiwork was distributed at Christmas time, when the Princess and her fellow-workers entertained a number of poor children at the Palace, and, besides the presents of clothing covering eighty tables, gave the little ones a feast and a Christmas-tree. Meanwhile the Emperor and Empress gave a Christmas festival at the Berlin Schloss to the pupils of the Empress Augusta Institute, a huge tree being provided, and merry games enjoyed, under the Imperial hosts' personal direction. Another and somewhat curious Teutonic means of providing Christmas gifts for the poor is the cigar-tips collection. Last year nineteen associations in the Rhenish provinces collected 4,569*l*. of "tips," realising 1,250*l*., this sum buying clothing for 1,726 children.

**THE PARISIAN NEW YEAR'S CUSTOM** of leaving visiting cards on friends and acquaintances has been adopted by Gallic domestics, and valets and footmen on January 1st now duly leave the orthodox piece of pasteboard for ladies'-maids, concierges in the rich quarters, &c. A bag of bonbons generally accompanies the card, which is inscribed after the following style:—"Gaetan Guignolet (de St. Flour), attached to the household of M. le Comte de X—." Masters and mistresses accordingly propose to leave this custom entirely to their servants, and to introduce the dainty British and American New Year cards. Talking of customs of the season, Roman women of the lower classes on New Year's Day invariably don all the jewellery in their possession, believing that they will then be covered with gold for the rest of the year, while even the Roman ladies still keep to the habit of putting on new winter dresses and shoes on that day. Good luck is also ensured to the stronger sex by wearing a new shirt just as it comes straight from the maker's hands, without either washing or ironing.

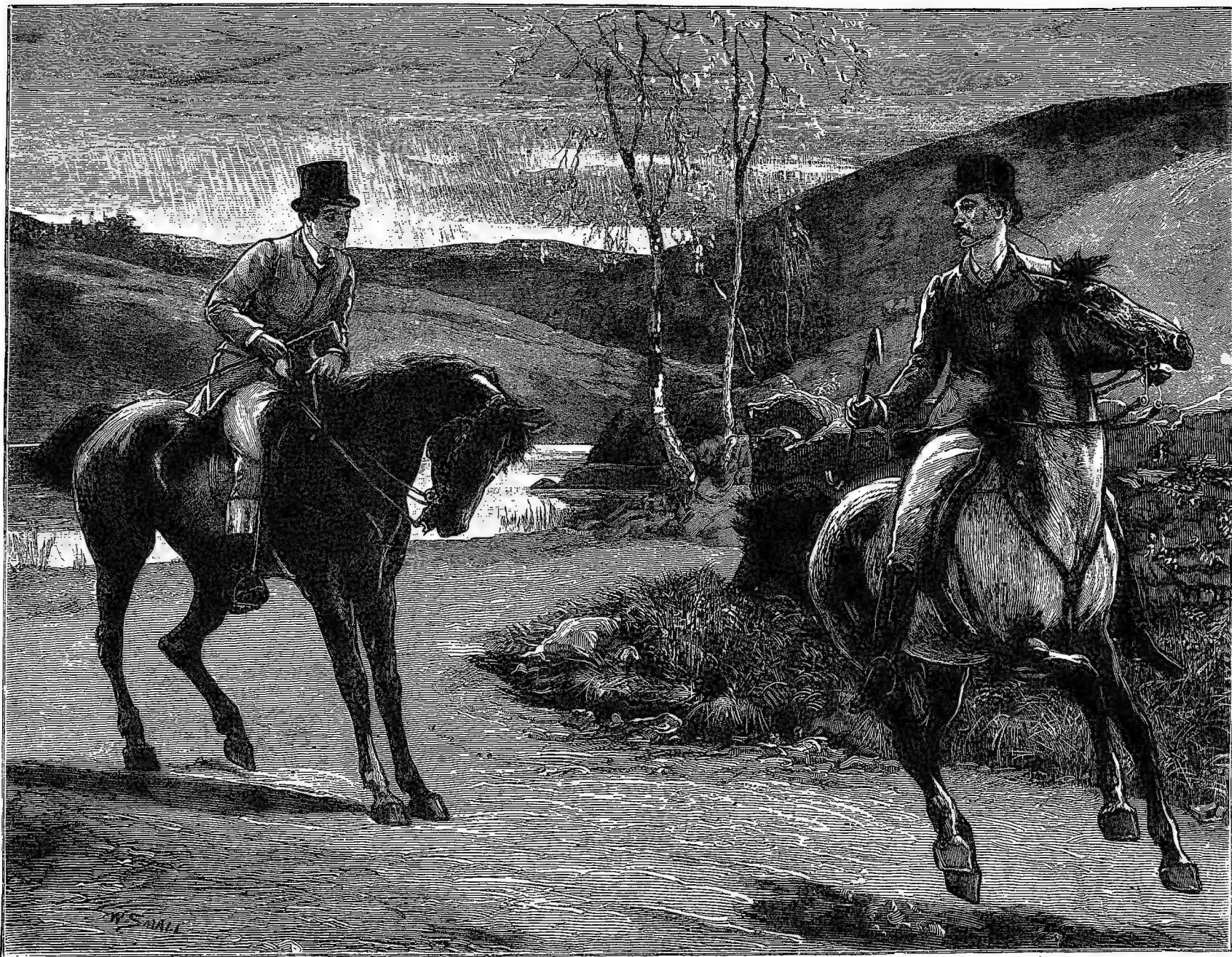




1. George Edmund Street, R.A. (Died Dec. 18, 1881, Aged 57; Buried in Westminster Abbey, Dec. 29, 1881).—2. View Behind the "Screen Wall," Strand Front.—3. One of the Circular Staircases.—4. Window on the West Side.—5. Back of Gateway to East Quadrangle.—6. The Great Corridor on the Ground Floor.

THE NEW LAW COURTS AND THEIR ARCHITECT





DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"Mr. Crocker," said Lord Hampstead, "if you will remain here for five minutes I will ride on; or if you will ride on I will remain here till you are out of sight. I must insist that one of these arrangements be made."

## MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE BRAESIDE HARRIERS

THE Braeside Harriers can hardly be called a "crack" pack of hounds. Lord Hautboy had been right in saying that they were always scrambling through ravines, and that they hunted whatever they could find to hunt. Nevertheless the men and the hounds were in earnest, and did accomplish a fair average of sport under difficult circumstances. No "Pegasus" or "Littlelegs," or "Pigskin" ever sent accounts of wondrous runs from Cumberland or Westmoreland to the sporting papers, in which the gentlemen who had asked the special Pigskin of the day to dinner were described as having been "in" at some "glorious finish" on their well-known horses Banker or Buff,—the horses named being generally those which the gentlemen wished to sell. The names of gorses and brooks had not become historic, as have those of Ranksborough and Whissendine. Trains were not run to suit this or the other meet. Gentlemen did not get out of fast drags with pretty little aprons tied around their waists, like girls in a country house coming down to breakfast. Not many perhaps wore pink coats, and none pink tops. One horse would suffice for one day's work. An old assistant huntsman, in an old red coat, with one boy mounted on a ragged pony, served for an establishment. The whole thing was despicable in the eyes of men from the Quorn and Cottesmore. But there was some wonderful riding and much constant sport with the Braeside Harriers, and the country had given birth to certainly the best hunting song in the language;—

Do you ken John Peel with his coat so gay;  
Do you ken John Peel at the break of day;  
Do you ken John Peel when he's far, far away,  
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Such as the Braeside Harriers were, Lord Hampstead determined to make the experiment, and on a certain morning had himself driven to Croneloe Thorn, a favourite meet halfway between Penrith and Keswick.

I hold that nothing is so likely to be permanently prejudicial to the interest of hunting in the British Isles as a certain flavour of tip-top fashion which has gradually enveloped it. There is a pretence of grandeur about that and, alas, about other sports also, which is, to my thinking, destructive of all sport itself. Men will not shoot unless game is made to appear before them in clouds. They will not fish unless the rivers be exquisite. To row is nothing unless you can be known as a national hero. Cricket requires appendages which are troublesome and costly, and by which the

minds of economical fathers are astounded. To play a game of hockey in accordance with the times you must have a specially trained pony and a gaudy dress. Racquets have given place to tennis because tennis is costly. In all these cases the fashion of the game is much more cherished than the game itself. But in nothing is this feeling so predominant as in hunting. For the management of a pack as packs are managed now, a huntsman must needs be a great man himself, and three mounted subordinates are necessary, for at any rate two of these servants a second horse is required. A hunt is nothing in the world unless it goes out four times a week at least. A run is nothing unless the pace be that of a steeplechase. Whether there, be or be not a fox before the hounds is of little consequence to the great body of riders. A bold huntsman who can make a dash across country from one covert to another, and who can so train his hounds that they shall run as though game were before them, is supposed to have provided good sport. If a fox can be killed in covert afterwards so much the better for those who like to talk of their doings. Though the hounds brought no fox with them, it is of no matter. When a fox does run according to his nature he is reviled as a useless brute, because he will not go straight across country. But the worst of all is the attention given by men to things altogether outside the sport. Their coats and waistcoats, their boots and breeches, their little strings and pretty scarfs, their saddles and bridles, their dandy knick-knacks, and, above all, their flasks, are more to many men than aught else in the day's proceedings. I have known girls who have thought that their first appearance in the ball-room, when all was fresh, unstained, and perfect from the milliner's hand, was the one moment of rapture for the evening. I have sometimes felt the same of young sportsmen at a Leicestershire or Northamptonshire meet. It is not that they will not ride when the occasion comes. They are always ready enough to break their bones. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that dandyism is antagonistic to pluck. The fault is that men train themselves to care for nothing that is not as costly as unlimited expenditure can make it. Thus it comes about that the real love of sport is crushed under a desire for fashion. A man will be almost ashamed to confess that he hunts in Essex or Sussex, because the proper thing is to go down to the Shires. Grass, no doubt, is better than ploughed land to ride upon; but, taking together the virtues and vices of all hunting counties, I doubt whether better sport is not to be found in what I will venture to call the haunts of the clodpoles, than among the palmy pastures of the well-breeched beauties of Leicestershire.

Braeside Harriers though they were, a strong taste for foxes had

lately grown up in the minds of men and in the noses of hounds. Blank days they did not know, because a hare would serve the turn if the nobler animal were not forthcoming; but ideas of preserving had sprung up; steps were taken to solace the minds of old women who had lost their geese; and the Braeside Harriers, though they had kept their name, were gradually losing their character. On this occasion the hounds were taken off to draw a covert instead of going to a so-ho, as regularly as though they were advertised among the fox-hounds in *The Times*. It was soon known that Lord Hampstead was Lord Hampstead, and he was welcomed by the field. What matter that he was a revolutionary Radical if he could ride to hounds? At any rate, he was the son of a Marquis, and was not left to that solitude which sometimes falls upon a man who appears suddenly as a stranger among strangers on a hunting morning. "I am glad to see you out, my lord," said Mr. Ambleswaite, the Master. "It isn't often that we get recruits from Castle Hautboy."

"They think a good deal of shooting there."

"Yes; and they keep their horses in Northamptonshire. Lord Hautboy does his hunting there. The Earl, I think, never comes out now."

"I dare say not. He has all the foreign nations to look after."

"I suppose he has his hands pretty full," said Mr. Ambleswaite. "I know I have mine just at this time of the year. Where do you think these hounds ran their fox to last Friday? We found him outside of the Lowther Woods, near the village of Clifton. They took him straight over Shap Fell, and then turning sharp to the right, went all along Hawes Wall and over High Street into Troutbeck."

"That's all among the mountains," said Hampstead. "Mountains! I should think so. I have to spend half my time among the mountains."

"But you couldn't ride over High Street?"

"No, we couldn't ride; not there. But we had to make our way round, some of us, and some of them went on foot. Dick never lost sight of the hounds the whole day." Dick was the boy who rode the ragged pony. "When we found 'em there he was with half the hounds around him, and the fox's brush stuck in his cap."

"How did you get home that night?" asked Hampstead.

"Home! I didn't get home at all. It was pitch dark before we got the rest of the hounds together. Some of them we didn't find till next day. I had to go and sleep at Bowness, and thought myself very lucky to get a bed. Then I had to ride home next day over Kirkstone Fell. That's what I call something like work for a man and horse.—There's a fox in there, my lord, do you hear them?"



Then Mr. Ambleswaite bustled away to assist at the duty of getting the fox to break.

"I'm glad to see that you're fond of this kind of thing, my lord," said a voice in Hampstead's ear, which, though he had only heard it once, he well remembered. It was Crocker, the guest at the dinner party,—Crocker, the Post Office clerk.

"Yes," said Lord Hampstead, "I am very fond of this kind of thing. That fox has broken, I think, at the other side of the cover." Then he trotted off down a little lane between two loose-built walls, so narrow that there was no space for two men to ride abreast. His object at the moment was to escape Crocker rather than to look after the hounds.

They were in a wild country, not exactly on a mountain side, but among hills which not far off grew into mountains, where cultivation of the rudest kind was just beginning to effect its domination over Nature. There was a long spinney rather than a wood stretching down a bottom, through which a brook ran. It would now cease, and then renew itself, so that the trees, though not absolutely continuous, were nearly so for the distance of half a mile. The ground on each side was rough with big stones, and steep in some places as they went down the hill. But still it was such that horsemen could gallop on it. The fox made his way along the whole length, and then traversing, so as to avoid the hounds, ran a ring up the hillside, and back into the spinney again. Among the horsemen many declared that the brute must be killed unless he would make up his mind for a fair start. Mr. Ambleswaite was very busy, hunting the hounds himself, and intent rather on killing the fox fairly than on the hopes of a run. Perhaps he was not desirous of sleeping out another night on the far side of Helvellyn. In this way the sportsmen galloped up and down the side of the wood till the feeling arose, as it does on such occasions, that it might be well for a man to stand still awhile and spare his horse, in regard to the future necessities of the day. Lord Hampstead did as others were doing, and in a moment Crocker was by his side. Crocker was riding an animal which his father was wont to drive about the country, but one well known in the annals of the Braeside Harriers. It was asserted of him that the fence was not made which he did not know how to creep over. Of jumping, such as jumping is supposed to be in the Shires, he knew nothing. He was, too, a bad hand at galloping, but with a shambling half-cantering trot, which he had invented for himself, he could go along all day, not very quickly but in such fashion as never to be left altogether behind. He was a flea-bitten horse, if my readers know what that is,—a flea-bitten roan, or white covered with small red spots. Horses of this colour are ugly to look at, but are very seldom bad animals. Such as he was, Crocker, who did not ride much when up in London, was very proud of him. Crocker was dressed in a green coat which in a moment of extravagance he had made for hunting, and in brown breeches in which he delighted to display himself on all possible occasions. "My lord," he said, "you'd hardly think it, but I believe this horse to be the best hunter in Cumberland."

"Is he, indeed? Some horse of course must be the best, and why not yours?"

"There's nothing he can't do;—nothing. His jumping is mi—raculous, and as for pace, you'd be quite surprised.—They're at him again now. What an echo they do make among the hills!"

Indeed they did. Every now and then the Master would just touch his horn, giving a short blast, just half a note, and then the sound would come back, first from this rock and then from the other, and the hounds as they heard it would open as though encouraged by the music of the hills, and then their voices would be carried round the valley, and come back again and again from the steep places, and they would become louder and louder as though delighted with the effect of their own efforts. Though there should be no hunting, the concert was enough to repay a man for his trouble in coming there. "Yes," said Lord Hampstead, his disgust at the man having been quenched for the moment by the charm of the music, "it is a wonderful spot for echoes."

"It's what I call awfully nice. We don't have anything like that up at St. Martin's-le-Grand." Perhaps it may be necessary to explain that the Post Office in London stands in a spot bearing that poetic name.

"I don't remember any echoes there," said Lord Hampstead.

"No, indeed;—nor yet no hunting, nor yet no hounds, are there, my lord? All the same it's not a bad sort of place!"

"A very respectable public establishment," said Lord Hampstead.

"Just so, my lord; that's just what I always say. It ain't swell like Downing Street, but it's a deal more respectable than the Custom House."

"Is it? I didn't know."

"Oh yes. They all admit that. You ask Roden else." On hearing the name, Lord Hampstead began to move his horse, but Crocker was at his side and could not be shaken off. "Have you heard from him, my lord, since you have been down in these parts?"

"Not a word."

"I dare say he thinks more of writing to a correspondent of the fairer sex."

This was unbearable. Though the fox had again turned and gone up the valley,—a movement which seemed to threaten his instant death, and to preclude any hope of a run from that spot, Hampstead felt himself compelled to escape,—if he could. In his anger he touched his horse with his spur and galloped away among the rocks as though his object was to assist Mr. Ambleswaite in his almost frantic efforts. But Crocker cared nothing for the stones. Where the lord went, he went. Having made acquaintance with a lord, he was not going to waste the blessing which Providence had vouchsafed to him.

"He'll never leave that place alive, my lord."

"I dare say not." And again the persecuted nobleman rode on,—thinking that neither should Crocker, if he could have his will.

"By the way, as we are talking of Roden—"

"I haven't been talking about him at all." Crocker caught the tone of anger, and stared at his companion. "I'd rather not talk about him."

"My lord! I hope there has been nothing like a quarrel. For the lady's sake, I hope there's no misunderstanding!"

"Mr. Crocker," he said very slowly, "it isn't customary—"

At that moment the fox broke, the hounds were away, and Mr. Ambleswaite was seen rushing down the hill-side, as though determined on breaking his neck. Lord Hampstead rushed after him at a pace which, for a time, defied Mr. Crocker. He became thoroughly ashamed of himself in even attempting to make the man understand that he was sinning against good taste. He could not do so without some implied mention of his sister, and to allude to his sister in connection with such a man was a profanation. He could only escape from the brute. Was this a punishment which he was doomed to bear for being,—as his stepmother was wont to say,—untrue to his order?

In the mean time the hounds went at a great pace down the hill. Some of the old stagers, who knew the country well, made a wide sweep round to the left, whence by lanes and tracks, which were known to them, they could make their way down to the road which leads along Ulleswater to Patterdale. In doing this they might probably not see the hounds again that day,—but such are the charms of hunting in a hilly country. They rode miles around, and though they did again see the hounds, they did not see the hunt. To have seen the hounds as they start, and to see them again as they

are clustering round the huntsman after eating their fox, is a great deal to some men.

On this occasion it was Hampstead's lot—and Crocker's—to do much more than that. Though they had started down a steep valley,—down the side rather of a gully,—they were not making their way out from among the hills into the low country. The fox soon went up again,—not back, but over an intervening spur of a mountain towards the lake. The riding seemed sometimes to Hampstead to be impossible. But Mr. Ambleswaite did it, and he stuck to Mr. Ambleswaite. It would have been all very well had not Crocker stuck to him. If the old roan would only tumble among the stones what an escape there would be! But the old roan was true to his character, and, to give every one his due, the Post Office clerk rode as well as the lord. There was nearly an hour and a-half of it before the hounds ran into their fox just as he was gaining an earth among the bushes and hollies with which Airey Force is surrounded. Then on the sloping meadow just above the waterfall, the John Peel of the hunt dragged out the fox from among the trees, and, having dismembered him artistically, gave him to the hungry hounds. Then it was that perhaps half a dozen diligent, but cautious, huntsmen came up, and heard all those details of the race which they were afterwards able to give, as on their own authority, to others who had been as cautious, but not so diligent, as themselves.

"One of the best things I ever saw in this country," said Crocker, who had never seen a hound in any other country. At this moment he had ridden up alongside of Hampstead on the way back to Penrith. The Master and the hounds and Crocker must go all the way. Hampstead would turn off at Pooley Bridge. But still there were four miles, during which he would be subjected to his tormentor.

"Yes, indeed. A very good thing, as I was saying, Mr. Ambleswaite—"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### COMING HOME FROM HUNTING

LORD HAMPSTEAD had been discussing with Mr. Ambleswaite the difficult nature of hunting in such a county as Cumberland. The hounds were in the road before them with John Peel in the midst of them. Dick with the ragged pony was behind, looking after stragglers. Together with Lord Hampstead and the Master was a hard-riding, rough, weatherbeaten half-gentleman, half-farmer, named Patterson, who lived a few miles beyond Penrith and was Ambleswaite's right hand in regard to hunting. Just as Crocker joined them the road had become narrow, and the young lord had fallen a little behind. Crocker had seized his opportunity;—but the lord also seized his, and thrust himself in between Mr. Patterson and the Master. "That's all true," said the Master. "Of course we don't presume to do the thing as you swells do it down in the Shires. We haven't the money, and we haven't the country, and we haven't the foxes. But I don't know whether for hunting we don't see as much of it as you do."

"Quite as much, if I may take to-day as a sample."

"Very ordinary;—wasn't it, Ambleswaite?" asked Patterson, who was quite determined to make the most of his own good things.

"It was not bad to-day. The hounds never left their scent after they found him. I think our hillsides carry the scent better than our grasses. If you want to ride, of course, it's rough. But if you like hunting, and don't mind a scramble, perhaps you may see it here as well as elsewhere."

"Better, a deal, from all I hear tell," said Patterson. "Did you ever hear any music like that in Leicestershire, my lord?"

"I don't know that ever I did," said Hampstead. "I enjoyed myself amazingly."

"I hope you'll come again," said the Master, "and that often."

"Certainly, if I remain here."

"I knew his lordship would like it," said Crocker, crowding in on a spot where it was possible for four to ride abreast. "I think it was quite extraordinary to see how a stranger like his lordship got over our country."

"Clever little 'orse his lordship's on," said Patterson.

"It's the man more than the beast, I think," said Crocker, trying to flatter.

"The best man in England," said Patterson, "can't ride to hounds without a tidy animal under him."

"Nor yet can't the best horse in England stick to hounds without a good man on top of him," said the determined Crocker. Patterson grunted; hating flattery, and remembering that the man flattered was a lord.

Then the road became narrow again, and Hampstead fell a little behind. Crocker was alongside of him in a moment. There seemed to be something mean in running away from the man;—something at any rate absurd in seeming to run away from him. Hampstead was ashamed for allowing himself to be so much annoyed by such a cause. He had already snubbed the man, and the man might probably be now silent on the one subject which was so peculiarly offensive. "I suppose," said he, beginning a conversation which should show that he was willing to discuss any general matter with Mr. Crocker, "that the country north and west of Penrith is less hilly than this?"

"Oh, yes, my lord; a delightful country to ride over in some parts. Is Roden fond of following the hounds, my lord?"

"I don't in the least know," said Hampstead, curtly. Then he made another attempt. "These hounds don't go as far north as Carlisle?"

"Oh, no, my lord; never more than eight or ten miles from Penrith. They've another pack up in that country;—nothing like ours, but still they do show sport. I should have thought now Roden would have been just the man to ride to hounds,—if he got the opportunity."

"I don't think he ever saw a hound in his life. I'm rather in a hurry, and I think I shall trot on."

"I'm in a hurry myself," said Crocker, "and I shall be happy to show your lordship the way. It isn't above a quarter of a mile's difference to me going by Pooley Bridge instead of Dallmaine."

"Pray don't do anything of the kind; I can find the road." Whereupon Hampstead shook hands cordially with the Master, bade Mr. Patterson good-bye with a kindly smile, and trotted on beyond the hounds as quickly as he could.

But Crocker was not to be shaken off. The flea-bitten roan was as good at the end of a day as he was at the beginning, and trotted on gallantly. When they had gone some quarter of a mile Hampstead acknowledged to himself that it was beyond his power to shake off his foe. By that time Crocker had made good his position close alongside of the lord, with his horse's head even with that of the other. "There is a word, my lord, I want to say to you." This Crocker muttered somewhat piteously, so that Hampstead's heart was for the moment softened towards him. He checked his horse and prepared himself to listen. "I hope I haven't given any offence. I can assure you, my lord, I haven't intended it. I have so much respect for your lordship that I wouldn't do it for the world."

What was he to do? He had been offended. He had intended to show that he was offended. And yet he did not like to declare as much openly. His object had been to stop the man from talking, and to do so if possible without making any reference himself to the subject in question. Were he now to declare himself offended he could hardly do so without making some allusion to his sister. But he had determined that he would make no such allusion. Now as

the man appealed to him, asking as it were forgiveness for some fault of which he was not himself conscious, it was impossible to refrain from making him some answer. "All right," he said; "I'm sure you didn't mean anything. Let us drop it, and there will be an end of it."

"Oh, certainly;—and I'm sure I'm very much obliged to your lordship. But I don't quite know what it is that ought to be dropped. As I am so intimate with Roden, sitting at the same desk with him every day of my life, it did seem natural to speak to your lordship about him."

This was true. As it had happened that Crocker, who as well as Roden was a Post Office Clerk, had appeared as a guest at Castle Hautboy, it had been natural that he should speak of his office companion to a man who was notoriously that companion's friend. Hampstead did not quite believe in the pretended intimacy, having heard Roden declare that he had not as yet formed any peculiar friendship at the office. He had too felt, unconsciously, that such a one as Roden ought not to be intimate with such a one as Crocker. But there was no cause of offence in this. "It was natural," he said.

"And then I was unhappy when I thought from what you said that there had been some quarrel."

"There has been no quarrel," said Hampstead.

"I am very glad indeed to hear that." He was beginning to touch again on a matter that should have been private. What was it to him whether or no there was a quarrel between Lord Hampstead and Roden. Hampstead therefore again rode on in silence.

"I should have been so very sorry that anything should have occurred to interfere with our friend's brilliant prospects." Lord Hampstead looked about to see whether there was any spot at which he could make his escape by jumping over a fence. On the right hand there was the lake rippling up on to the edge of the road, and on the left was a high stone wall, without any vestige of an aperture through it as far as the eye could reach. He was already making the pace as fast as he could, and was aware that no escape could be effected in that manner. He shook his head, and bit the handle of his whip, and looked straight away before him through his horse's ears. "You cannot think how proud I've been that a gentleman sitting at the same desk with myself should have been so fortunate in his matrimonial prospects. I think it an honour to the Post Office all round."

"Mr. Crocker," said Lord Hampstead, pulling up his horse suddenly, and standing still upon the spot, "if you will remain here for five minutes I will ride on; or if you will ride on I will remain here till you are out of sight. I must insist that one of these arrangements be made."

"My lord!"

"Which shall it be?"

"Now I have offended you again."

"Don't talk of offence, but just do as I bid you. I want to be alone."

"Is it about the matrimonial alliance?" demanded Crocker almost in tears. Thereupon Lord Hampstead turned his horse round and trotted back towards the hounds and horsemen whom he heard on the road behind him. Crocker paused a moment, trying to discover by the light of his own intellect what might have been the cause of this singular conduct on the part of the young nobleman, and then, having failed to throw any light on the matter, he rode on homewards, immersed in deep thought. Hampstead, when he found himself again with his late companions, asked some idle questions as to the hunting arrangements of next week. That they were idle he was quite aware, having resolved that he would not willingly put himself into any position in which it might be probable that he should again meet that objectionable young man. But he went on with his questions, listening or not listening to Mr. Ambleswaite's answers, till he parted company with his companions in the neighbourhood of Pooley Bridge. Then he rode alone to Hautboy Castle, with his mind much harassed by what had occurred. It seemed to him to have been almost proved that George Roden must have spoken to this man of his intended marriage. In all that the man had said he had suggested that the information had come direct from his fellow-clerk. He had seemed to declare,—Hampstead thought that he had declared,—that Roden had often discussed the marriage with him. If so, how base must have been his friend's conduct! How thoroughly must he have been mistaken in his friend's character! How egregiously wrong must his sister have been in her estimate of the man! For himself, as long as the question had been simply one of his own intimacy with a companion whose outside position in the world had been inferior to his own, he had been proud of what he had done, and had answered those who had remonstrated with him with a spirit showing that he despised their practices quite as much as they could ridicule his. He had explained to his father his own ideas of friendship, and had been eager in showing that George Roden's company was superior to most young men of his own position. There had been Hautboy, and Scatterdash, and Lord Plunge, and the young Earl of Longolds, all of them elder sons, whom he described as young men without a serious thought in their heads. What was it to him how Roden got his bread, so long as he got it honestly? "The man's the man for a' that." Thus he had defended himself, and been quite conscious that he was right. When Roden had suddenly fallen in love with his sister, and his sister had as suddenly fallen in love with Roden,—then he had begun to doubt. A thing which was in itself meritorious might become dangerous and objectionable by reason of other things which it would bring in its train. He felt for a time that associations which were good for himself might not be so good for his sister. There seemed to be a sanctity about her rank which did not attach to his own. He had thought that the Post Office clerk was as good as himself, but he could not assure himself that he was as good as the ladies of his family. Then he had begun to reason with himself on this subject, as he did on all. What was there different in a girl's nature that ought to make her fastidious as to society which he felt to be good enough for himself? In entertaining the feeling which had been strong within him as to that feminine sanctity was he not giving way to one of those empty prejudices of the world in opposition to which he had resolved to make a life-long fight? So he had reasoned with himself; but his reason, though it affected his conduct, did not reach his taste. It irked him to think there should be this marriage, though he was strong in his resolution to uphold his sister,—and, if necessary, to defend her. He had not given way as to the marriage. It had been settled between himself and his sister and his father that there should be no meeting of the lovers at Hendon Hall. He did hope that the engagement might die away, though he was determined to cling to her even though she clung to her lover. This was his state of mind, when this hideous young man, who seemed to have been created with the object of showing him how low a creature a Post Office clerk could be, came across him, and almost convinced him that that other Post Office clerk had been boasting among his official associates of the favour of the high-born lady who had unfortunately become attached to him! He would stick to his politics, to his Radical theories, to his old ideas about social matters generally; but he was almost tempted to declare to himself that women for the present ought to be regarded as exempt from those radical changes which would be good for men. For himself his "order" was a vanity and a delusion; but for his sister it must still be held as containing some bonds. In this frame of mind he determined that he would return to Hendon Hall almost immediately. Further hope of hunting with the Braeside Harriers there was none; and it was necessary for him to see Roden as soon as possible.

That evening at the Castle Lady Amaldina got hold of him, and



asked him his advice as to her future duties as a married woman. Lady Amaldina was very fond of little confidences as to her future life, and had as yet found no opportunity of demanding the sympathy of her cousin. Hampstead was not in truth her cousin, but they called each other cousins,—or were called so. None of the Hauteville family felt any of that aversion to the Radicalism of the heir to the marquise which the Marchioness entertained. Lady Amaldina delighted to be Amy to Lord Hampstead, and was very anxious to ask him his advice as to Lord Llwdythlw.

"Of course you know all about my marriage, Hampstead?" she said.

"I don't know anything about it," Hampstead replied.

"Oh, Hampstead; how ill-natured!"

"Nobody knows anything about it, because it hasn't taken place."

"That is so like a Radical, to be so precise and rational. My engagement then?"

"Yes; I've heard a great deal about that. We've been talking about that for—how long shall I say?"

"Don't be disagreeable. Of course a man such as Llwdythlw can't be married all in a hurry just like anybody else."

"What a misfortune for him!"

"Why should it be a misfortune?"

"I should think it so if I were going to be married to you."

"That's the prettiest thing I have ever heard you say. At any rate he has got to put up with it, and so have I. It is a bore, because people will talk about nothing else. What do you think of Llwdythlw as a public man?"

"I haven't thought about it. I haven't any means of thinking. I am so completely a private man myself, that I know nothing of public men. I hope he's good at going to sleep."

"Going to sleep?"

"Otherwise it must be so dull, sitting so many hours in the House of Commons. But he's been at it a long time, and I dare say he's used to it."

"Isn't it well that a man in his position should have a regard to his country?"

"Every man ought to have a regard to his country;—but a stronger regard, if it be possible, to the world at large."

Lady Amaldina stared at him, not knowing in the least what he meant. "You are so droll," she said. "You never, I think, think of the position you were born to fill."

"Oh yes, I do. I'm a man, and I think a great deal about it."

"But you've got to be Marquis of Kingsbury, and Llwdythlw has got to be Duke of Merioneth. He never forgets it for a moment."

"What a nuisance for him,—and for you."

"Why should it be a nuisance for me? Cannot a woman understand her duties as well as a man?"

"Quite so, if she knows how to get a glimpse at them."

"I do," said Lady Amaldina, earnestly. "I am always getting glimpses at them. I am quite aware of the functions which it will become me to perform when I am Llwdythlw's wife."

"Mother of his children?"

"I didn't mean that at all, Hampstead. That's all in the hands of the Almighty. But in becoming the future Duchess of Merioneth—"

"That's in the hands of the Almighty, too, isn't it?"

"No; yes. Of course everything is in God's hands."

"The children, the dukedom, and all the estates?"

"I never knew any one so provoking," she exclaimed.

"One is at any rate as much as another."

"You don't a bit understand me," she said. "Of course if I go and get married, I do get married."

"And if you have children, you do have children. If you do—and I hope you will,—I'm sure they'll be very pretty and well behaved. That will be your duty, and then you'll have to see that Llwdythlw has what he likes for dinner."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"Then he'll dine at the club, or at the House of Commons. That's my idea of married life."

"Nothing beyond that? No community of soul?"

"Certainly not."

"No!"

"Because you believe in the Trinity, Llwdythlw won't go to heaven. If he were to take to gambling and drinking you wouldn't go to the other place."

"How can you be so horrid?"

"That would be a community of souls,—as souls are understood. A community of interests I hope you will have, and, in order that you may, take care and look after his dinner." She could not make much more of her cousin in the way of confidence, but she did exact a promise from him that he would be in attendance at her wedding.

A few days afterwards he returned to Hendon Hall, leaving his sister to remain for a fortnight longer at Castle Hautboy.

(To be continued.)

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

### II.

EXAMPLES of the primitive Art of the fifteenth century, which as usual occupy a place in the fourth gallery, are not so numerous as in some recent years, or so interesting. They include a very early picture by Andrea Mantegna, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," full of matter, and like his "Pietà" which appeared here last year, wrought in every detail with the most elaborate care; a good picture of its period by a less known painter, Lorenzo Costa, "The Virgin and St. Joseph in Adoration;" a half-length figure of "Lucretia," ascribed to Lucas Cranach, chiefly remarkable for the strongly-marked individuality of the unlovely head; and some other works valuable from an historical rather than an artistic point of view. Strikingly in contrast with the grotesque quaintness and the crudity of these works is the mature style and nobility of design that distinguishes Andrea del Sarto's unfinished "Sacrifice of Isaac," which hangs near them.

The remaining works in this gallery are of a miscellaneous kind, and arranged without reference to the schools or periods to which they belong. A very large picture by Panini, lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, represents "The Piazza Navona" at Rome on the occasion of a fête given by Cardinal de Polignac to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin, son of Louis XV., in 1728. The scene is full of animation, and all the architectural features seem to be accurately designed, and as well as the numerous figures are painted with extraordinary facility and precision of touch. A picture painted on copper by Johann Victor Plazer, a German painter of last century, "Sampson Destroying the Palace of the Philistines," also displays great executive dexterity, but the design is so bizarre, and the gestures of some of the figures so grotesque, that it gives rise only to ludicrous ideas. Near it we find a masterly sketch, by Rubens, for the celebrated triptych of "The Raising of the Cross," in Antwerp Cathedral, and two equally good, of allegorical subjects. Passing a small pastoral picture of average merit by Claude, "The Piping Herdsman," and a weak example of the work of Greuze, "A Boy's Head," we come to a small group of interesting Dutch pictures. They include a river scene, "Cows," by Cuyp, full of the most delicate modulations of pearly grey and green tints; a large "Landscape, with Waterfall," by Jacob Ruysdael, in his best manner; a quaint and characteristic picture of Dutch life in the seventeenth century, "A Burgomaster and his Daughter," by Jan Steen, and by the supreme master of the school,

the half-length of a swarthy man of middle age, "Rembrandt's Cook," painted with great solidity, and at the same time with a free, flexible, and expressive touch that has perhaps never been surpassed.

In the second gallery, which is occupied exclusively with Dutch and Flemish pictures, there is another magnificent half-length figure by Rembrandt, "The Painter's Daughter." The picture bears evidence of having passed through the hands of the restorer, but in many parts the work of the master remains untouched. The head, if not beautiful, is comely, and most animated in expression. Its remarkable vitality and striking appearance of reality make the two large portraits by Mierevelt, "A Man" and "A Woman," which hang on either side of it, look weak and ineffective. These are nevertheless in their way excellent examples of Dutch portraiture, strong in characterisation and treated in a simple and dignified style; the heads and hands in both, though painted with little *impasto*, are modelled with great care and completeness. A very interesting example of the mature work of Jan Steen is to be seen in the "Marriage Feast at Cana," lent by Mr. J. Walter, M.P. Among the numerous episodic incidents introduced there are some of a grotesque kind, and the figures are all of the painter's own time and country, but the subject is nevertheless treated in a serious spirit. The picture is remarkable not less for its beauty of colour and finished workmanship than for the *naïveté* of its conception and the variety and truth of character and expression which it displays. Hobbema and Jan Both are represented by large and characteristic works; and by Van der Heyde there is a small "View of a Town," full of elaborately wrought detail, and at the same time broad in general effect and rich in tone. A small "Landscape" ascribed to Paul Potter, representing the long vista of a river or canal with cottages and cows in the foreground, suffused with a warm glow of evening light, unlike his usual work is very thinly painted, and in parts with an uncertain touch. A small picture by this artist from the collection at Bearwood, "Bull and Cows," besides the knowledge and the skill displayed in the drawing and modelling of the animals, is remarkable for its firmness and solidity of style. Among several pictures by David Teniers the younger, "A Kermesse," lent by the Queen, is the largest, and in some respects the best. The scene is full of vivacity and movement, and the numerous figures, besides being admirably grouped, are true types of character and very expressive in their gestures. The two interiors called respectively "Le Chapeau Rouge" and "Le Bonnet Rouge" are also good examples of this artist's work, excellent alike in composition, colour, and keeping, and painted with almost unrivalled dexterity and firmness of touch. Mr. J. Walter, M.P., sends two pictures by Nicolas Maas. "The Milkmaid," who is represented ringing the bell of a house with determined energy, is a characteristic example of his style, but the "Girl Peeling Apples" is a more complete and better work. It is true the girl's face is a little out of drawing, but the tone of the picture is wonderfully luminous, and the various local tints, all of fine quality, are most felicitously arranged. Many other works in this room will be found worthy of close attention, including a strikingly characteristic portrait of himself by Franz Hals, painted with his accustomed breadth and mastery; a delicately painted little *genre* picture, "Lady Pouring Out Wine," by Gabriel Metsu; one of the best pictures by Adrian van Ostade that has been seen on these walls, "A Schoolmaster and Scholars;" and several very truthful small landscapes by Jan Wynants.

Many excellent works of the English school, besides those already mentioned, are to be seen in the first and fifth galleries. Hogarth does not this year appear as a satirist or a moralist, but his power as a portrait painter is admirably exemplified in the group of children, "The Graham Family," lent by Lord Normanton. The picture is painted in masterly style, with great imitative ability as well as firmness and solidity, but it is remarkable above all things for the great amount of vitality which the painter has infused into it; the heads, not only of the little girl who is dancing, and of the boy who is making music for her, but those of the infant who seems ready to spring from its sister's arms, and of the cat perched on a chair and looking with hungry eyes at the frightened bird in a cage, are wonderfully life-like and animated. This great painter's power of characterisation and executive ability are again shown in the half-length portraits of "George, Second Earl of Macclesfield," and "William Jones, Esq." Near these hangs one of the best of the numerous pictures which Romney painted from "Lady Hamilton." She is here represented reclining in a very graceful attitude under a tree, with a shepherd's pipe in her hand; her head, which is turned over her shoulder towards the spectator, has sufficient beauty of form and expression to account for the fascination she so long exercised over the artist. Stately full-length portraits of "John, Viscount Kilmorey," and the "Hon. Thomas Needham," by Gainsborough, hang near this; but the picture which, more than any other in the collection, shows the peculiar fascination of his style and his refined sense of colour, is the portrait—apparently unfinished—of "Felice de Giardini." Except those already mentioned, the best pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds seem to us the graceful half-length of "The Hon. Mrs. Stanhope," which has been more than once engraved under the title "Melancholy;" the animated portrait of "Richard Brinsley Sheridan" in his youthful days; and the half-length of "Miss Knight," which, though its original beauty of colour has gone, is still delightful for its charm of expression and graceful treatment.



It is now some eighteen months since readers first enjoyed the overflowing life and wholesome freshness of "Reata," and learned to look forward with united confidence and impatience to the next novel that should bear the till then unknown name of E. D. Gerard. That next novel is "Beggars My Neighbour" (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), and, though much was to be expected from the authoresses whose *nom de plume* veils a sufficiently open secret, the result is even better than could have been hoped for. Work of less complete excellence would have fulfilled the promise of "Reata," and have left but little to be desired: but this, to adapt the idea of its title, plays a king to its predecessor's queen. It is not easy to describe—perhaps from want of sufficiently frequent opportunity—the peculiar charm of work that combines such absolute freshness of thought and style, and such obviously unworn, even romantic enthusiasm, with a justness of observation and humorous good sense that older pens seldom gain till they have lost better quality. The scene is laid throughout in Austrian Poland, save for a passing passage to Verona, and all the characters are Poles, with the inevitable Hebrew admixture. The want, however, of the supposed necessity of an English interest for English readers is hardly likely to disappoint any but those of Kazimir Bielinski and his brothers Lucyan and Marcin, or of the two contrasted cousins Xenia and Vizia. Xenia is perhaps the chief triumph of portraiture—a fascinating fool who contrives, in all innocent weakness, to make shipwreck of the life of one of the bravest and truest gentlemen to be found in fiction, and narrowly escapes becoming a heroine of tragedy. Indeed a tragic element, in the most accurate sense of the term, runs throughout the novel, and colours the more salient tone of comedy. The terribly pathetic character of Vizia, with her intense capacity for life and love all

turned into torture by a defiantly honest pride that forbids her to stoop to the most innocent arts of charming, is a very true and bitter tragedy: one considerably less bitter is the history of the grasping and treacherous Lucyan, with his utterly cruel selfishness unaffected by a passion for flowers. E. D. Gerard does not appear to take Mr. Blackmore's view of the moral influences of horticulture: and probably neither is wrong. For comedy, apart from the grim and almost repulsive pictures of Jewish Poland, and from the eccentric mysteries of Aunt Robertine, the courtship of the explosive Janina by the lymphatic Marcin may be singled out as especially delightful. Nor must excellence of construction be forgotten. In this respect "Beggars My Neighbour" has all the characteristic excellence of French fiction. The slightest and seemingly most trivial incident, almost the most passing word, has its purpose and its bearing upon the whole, while at the same time the elaborate art which this implies is admirably concealed. Nothing seems to be forced, and yet it would be as fatal to remove a card from the pack as a single incident from this story. In this respect the novel is perfect: and such faults as there are in others—mainly consisting in an occasionally un-English use of English words—are so few and so slight that it would be idle to speak of them. It is rare indeed to meet with a novel of such entirely fresh and unflagging interest, and so absolutely free from all the faults with which contemporary fiction is too justly charged.

Mr. J. A. Lake Gloag should not have called "The Belstone" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), a "novel." It is a curious kind of work defying classification, and composed, in equal parts, of strange legendary romance and of plain, unvarnished history, which run side by side without blending. The career of Lord Lake contrasts oddly with a wild dream in which it becomes perfectly natural that an Indian Begum should be closely connected with an island of the Hebrides. The result will not be found to everybody's liking, but it will be liked very much—and not unjustly—when liked at all. The scene has plenty of variety, ranging from Coryza—the out-of-the-way island of the Macdonalds—to Ireland, India, and Spain. In the course of the story, or rather family chronicle, we pass from extreme to extreme—from Ossianic poetry to almost school-book history and back again, and through almost every phase between. Mr. Gloag has evidently a close sympathy with many things, and a singular power of varying his style. One thing is certain—whether he writes poetry, history, legend, reflection, or dream, it is always with knowledge, usually with good sense, and sometimes with power. What he seems to lack is the dramatic sense, which chemically blends many elements into one creation.

Not very much can be said of "Dandy," by Jean Middlemass (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.). Miss Middlemass has always at least one great and popular merit—in the midst of the wildest and crudest impossibilities, so far as action is concerned, her women are always real women, and often feel and say things which startle a little by their proof of unexpected insight into the mind feminine. It is not injurious to popularity that, in every other matter, she is almost certain to be wrong. The plot of "Dandy" is, as usual, at once meaningless and improbable, and Mrs. Malaprop herself might be answerable for the style. To say of a cook, by way of praise, that that he was a complete "valet," is a typical riddle that seems to have been beyond the power of the printer's reader to solve: nor must he be held guilty of a blunder which by no means stands alone in its comicality. A description of a London-Italian restaurant must, however, be singled out as an exception to the general rule that, in matters of fact and description, Miss Middlemass is always wrong.



### II.

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY, July 25, 1881," the title of the fine poem with which Matthew Arnold opens the new year number of the *Nineteenth Century*, sufficiently explains its purport. The fanciful analogy between a child of "sweetness and light" like the late Dean and the vision of light vouchsafed, according to the legend, to fishers on the Thames when the first Minster on the Isle of Thorney was still consecrated, may seem to some a little overbold. The graceful imagery and the melody of the verse will be recognised by all.—In his "Crisis of Parliamentary Government," Mr. F. Harrison pleads stoutly for the enforcement of the *cloture*, not exceptionally by a three-fourths majority, but in the ordinary way of Parliamentary procedure. If a majority of one is enough to upset a Ministry it should surely, he thinks, suffice to close a discussion. The old rule compelling legislation begun but not completed in one Session, to be commenced again *ab initio* in the next, is another antique form which he would gladly see abolished.—Professor Max Müller has an interesting paper on the fresh proofs of the Solar Theory of the origin of Myths brought forward by Dr. Hahn in his account of "Mythology among the Hottentots." It is certainly curious, in dealing with a race which cannot possibly be suspected of Aryan affinities, to find once more the opposing principles of "Night" and "Dawn" crystallised in the name of their divinities, and to meet with hymns which, translated into Sanscrit, might almost be taken for portions of the Veda.—Under the title of the "Oldest Epic of Christendom" Miss Lambert contributes a charming account of the Song of Roland; and Mr. Knox, in his "Sicily of Thucydides and Theocritus," writes fascinatingly of the joys of a spring holiday at Taormina, a city at the roots of Etna which, to its other attractions, now adds that of giving the tourist a choice between two inns.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. W. S. Blunt concludes his forecasts of the "Future of Islam." Whatever the present Sultan may do or plan the Empire of the Ottoman Turk is doomed. And when it falls, wealth, numbers, and enlightenment will make the Mussulmans of India the chief factor in the new Pan-Islamic union which will stretch from the far South-East of Asia to the heart of the Dark Continent. England supreme in India and on the ocean may then, he holds, become the accepted protector of Mahomedanism over all the world. The Mecca "Haj" will yield a rich income, and the position of the English in the East become practically unassailable. But woe to England if the opportunity is lost. The French by way of Syria, the Russians through Persia, Germany, acting through Holland in the south, will each and all be eager to take her place.—Mr. Grant Allen's "Sir Charles Lyall" and the editor's own "Memorials of Caroline Fox" are two very charming reviews; and "Home and Foreign Affairs" lay bare the difficulties in the path of the Gladstone and the Gambetta Administrations with a perspicuity and a candour which are almost cynical.

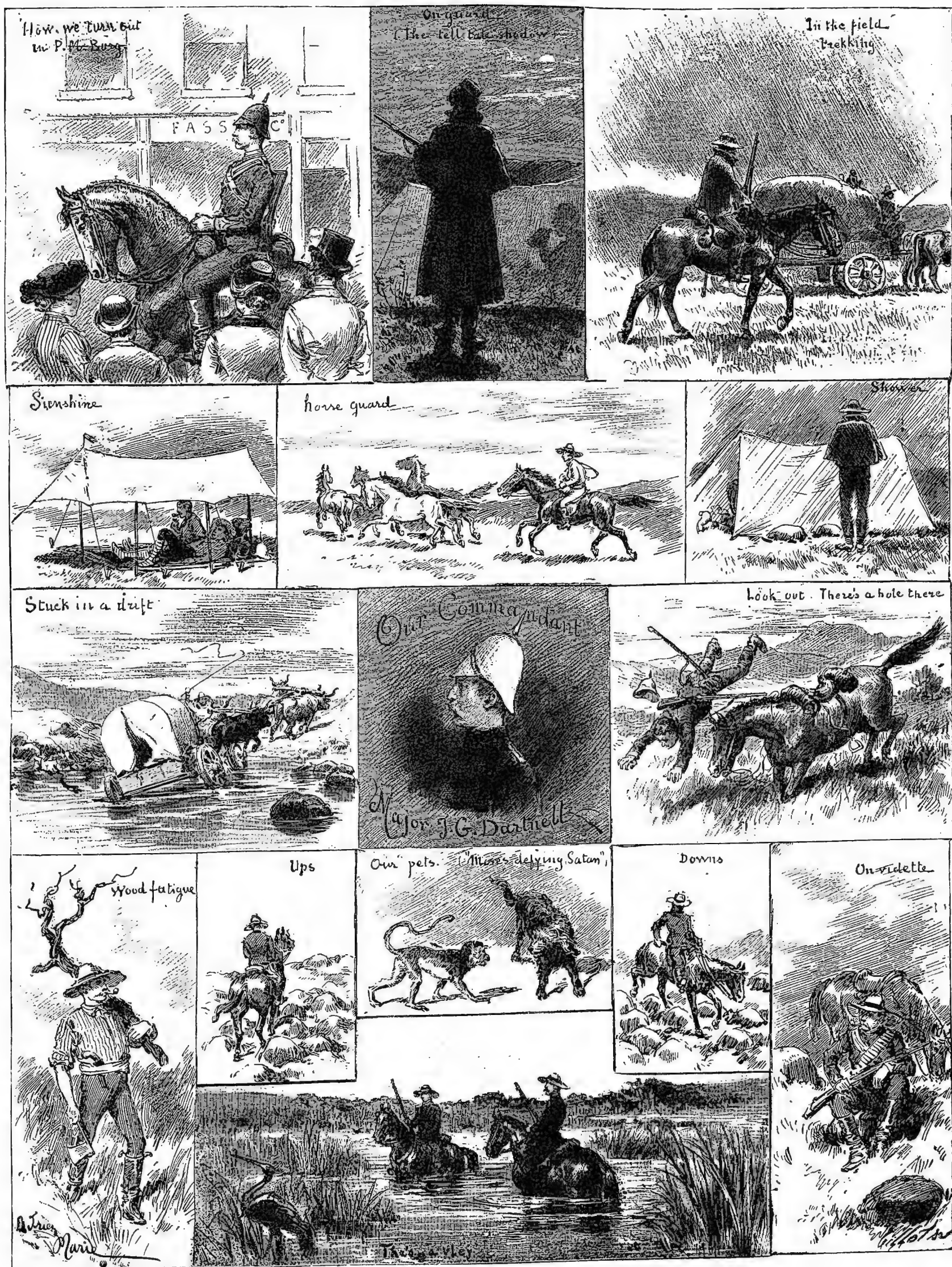
The Warden of Merton's trenchant criticism of "The Irish Land Act of 1881" is much the most vigorous article in *Fraser*. Having cast political economy to the winds, the only thing to be done now is to extend as far as possible the provisions in the Bill for establishing a class of peasant owners. The dispossessed landlords will probably be glad enough to sell to the State what is now little more than a rent charge, and the new peasant proprietors, with all the burden of local taxation cast upon them on one hand, and a large class of landless labourers to conciliate on the other, may "sober down" and cease to agitate in time; if "sobering down" is really possible in Ireland.—Mr. Bent, under the title of "Cervo," recounts a pretty and pathetic legend of the destruction of the entire male





1. The Cathedral (St. Gaten).—2. Tour de Charlemagne.—3. Tour de l'Horloge, or Saint Martin.—4. Portal, Notre Dame la Riche.—5. Interior, Notre Dame la Riche.—6. Chateau de Chenonceau.—7. Chateau Azay le Rideau.—8. Hotel Gouin.





SOUTH AFRICA—LIFE IN THE NATAL MOUNTED POLICE



population of a little Italian fishing village in a storm—"Seed-time of Health," a reprint of Dr. Richardson's inaugural address at the Brighton Health Congress, shows forcibly how of the many ills which threaten childhood, "the infected" and "the acquired" might be wholly avoided, and even "inherited" maladies first greatly lessened by healthier bringing-up, and then extinguished with the cessation of "the intermarriage of disease." The rule laid each Assize before a judge has now no meaning. The gaol-fever, thanks to care and science, is no longer known. The *immortelles* now thickly strewn on children's graves might, if we would it, so the Doctor thinks, be as little called for as the bunch of rue.

In *Blackwood* there is an admirable description, "Inside Kairwán," of the Mecca of North Africa, the City of Mosques and Moslem Saints, from "My Lord the Companion," who has slept there 1,200 years with a lock of the Prophet's beard upon his breast, to that famous Santon of our own days, Mir Abadah, to whose miraculous interposition the Kairwáni in their hearts ascribed the fall of Sebastopol in the Crimean War.—Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) recalls in "Juliet" some of her own earliest trials and triumphs on the tiny stage at Richmond or the vast stages of Drury and Covent Garden; and "Coleridge's Marginalia," hitherto unpublished, contain some curious extracts from the marginal notes which the Sage of Highgate scribbled *more suo* on some sixty volumes of German philosophy recently acquired by the British Museum.

The *Modern Review* is rich, as usual, in thoughtful papers for grave readers. A severe critique of "Herbert Spencer's Date of Ethics," and a lighter article, full of much good sense, on what should not be attempted by "Architectural Restoration in the Nineteenth Century," will both decidedly "repay perusal."

In the *North American* Mr. W. M. Dickson argues cleverly, if not convincingly, in his "New Political Machine" for the present system of Civil Service appointments, on the ground that the political education thus diffused, if only from motives of selfish interest, among the masses, is better for the State than the creation of an irremovable hierarchy, an official aristocracy founded on competitive examinations, and not unlikely to lose as much in efficient energy as it may gain on the score of incorruptibility.—In the *Atlantic* we have only space to commend "A Sunday at Poros," the romantic isle which is now the chief station of the young Greek Navy; and "Studies in the South," a most interesting account of the illicit distillers of the mountain ranges, their frays with preventive men and United States troops, their wild vendettas, and their rude code of honour.

For the *Bibliographer* Mr. Moncreux Conway begins an attractive series of papers on the "Wood-Cutters of the Netherlands," and full price-lists of the Sunderland, Comerford, and Gurney sales supply records somewhat dry to read, but invaluable for future reference.—In Mr. Walford's *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer*—another new-comer in the same field of research—two papers severally headed "A Year's Work in the Record Office" and the "Historical MSS. Commission Report," will delight the "general reader" above all the rest. A slight tendency to "scrappiness" should be guarded against. What possible purpose can be served by articles like "Shakespeare at the Tabard: a Phantasy."

Of the *Day of Rest*, with its fifty coloured illustrations of the "First Christmas;" the *Churchman*, with an able discussion of the vexed question of "Evening Communion;" and the *Argosy*, with a new story, "Lady Raven's Temptation," we must be content to acknowledge the receipt.

We learn that the Editor of the *Burlington* has received a characteristic letter from Mr. Ruskin upon the article, "True Aesthetics," in the current number of the magazine; the world knows his opinions on the subject, but he fears it is labour in vain to open blind eyes to the great truth that the perception of beauty ought to include moral as well as physical perfection.



MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD once ventured to suggest that, with due care, those who had "light" enough, might from St. John pick out the parts actually spoken by Our Lord, rejecting the additions. No such critical idea was present to the mind of him who compiled "The Very Words of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, gathered from the Four Gospels" (Henry Frowde). His little book is simply intended for invalids, for those who have little time to spare, for those who are teased to and fro by conflicting opinions. The printing is excellent; the grouping and arrangement is good; and there is a useful index. The text is the Authorised Version of 1611, but the revisions of 1881 are given in the margin. It is notable how important some few of these are; thus the change is great from "to lose his own soul" to "to forfeit his life," and from "give alms of such things as ye have" to "give for alms those things which are within."

Mrs. Rhoda E. White is strongly impressed with the all-important truth that family life is the foundation of society; and to urge this truth on the women of Europe as well as of America she describes the education, "From Infancy to Womanhood" (Sampson Low), of a daughter by a model mother—and father; for both influences must be good if the children are not to suffer. Glimpses, by way of contrast, are given of an ill-regulated home, of which the mother married out of spite a speculator in a "ring," and where the children, left to hirelings, end miserably. Mrs. White protests bravely against the evils which are supposed to be specially rife in richer American society, but her book is full of lessons for young English parents. It is perhaps carrying things too far to accustom your baby to sleep in a noise, though, if the habit can be formed, it will often save much discomfort by and by; but the danger of terrifying young children cannot be too strongly insisted on. We are glad Mrs. White does not give in to the craze about heredity. Disposition and temperament are no doubt inherited, but they may be moulded—always are moulded. Even inherited diseases may, under good conditions, be eradicated. The thing to remember is that very young children are marvellously receptive, and therefore to be careful about nursery influences. Teaching through a novelette is perhaps the most effectual way of teaching those for whom the book was written.

Benjamin Rann Kennedy is a name which we associate rather with classical scholarship than with notes on foreign travel. "My Old Playground Revisited" (Hurst and Blackett) will, however, repay perusal. It is written with the ease that comes of long experience, and is meant for those who travel with a courier, and can secure a *coupé fauteuil* between Paris and Marseilles. Full of notes about the relative comfort of hotels and the perils of Italian cookery, it is like a series of after-dinner chats for the benefit of elderly rich people who have not yet been abroad, and who don't know what the *mistral* is, and have never seen big-bearded Italians hugging one another, or Neapolitan horses decked out with bells and worsted balls and feathers between their ears. We are glad Mr. Kennedy (who, thanks to his Italian courier, was taken for an "illustrious stranger" at a Roman review) had to rough it for once at an *osteria* at Ceprano. His hardships there make an amusing break in the monotony of delightful hotels and impeccable restaurants. He is right, we think, in attributing "the Roman fever" mainly to over-dressing and exposure to the sun; and we

quite agree with him that our officers might well give up "mufti," and appear, like those of the Italian army, oftener *en evidence*.

Among several recent books on Morocco, Captain Trotter's account of Sir J. Drummond Hay's "Mission to the Court of Morocco in 1880" (Edinburgh: D. Douglas) is far the most complete. We wish the author's fondness for old Master John Pory's translation of Leo Africanus had not led him now and then into needless archaisms. But we forget "the youth yclept Hassan" in the terribly sensational picture of the Aissowieh fanatics, a sort of dervishes as much fiercer than those of the East as Morocco is wilder than Roumelia. And all Captain Trotter's descriptions are marked with the same stamp of reality; his account of the dinner, for instance, to which the Christians brought their own brandy flasks, "and used them so well that His Excellency remarked the room smelt like the bar of a public-house," is cynically truthful. Sultan Mulei Hassan was plied with telephone and phonograph and other marvels; but he steadily refused to be photographed, unlike several lesser dignitaries, of whom, as well as of groups of Berbers and Moors, the book contains some excellent likenesses. The Embassy seems to have been pretty well received, though on one occasion there was no one to represent the Sultan but "the chief tent-pitcher." The English are not dreaded—as the French are; and no wonder, if the foreign underling who gave out he was an ambassador, and not only exacted a huge supply of corn from the district through which he passed, but claimed and obtained a large indemnification for some jewels that he pretended had been stolen out of a box of cooking utensils, was a Frenchman. Quite as bad in their way are the extortions of "protected subjects." A Moor under French protection went shares with an unprotected fellow-countryman in sheep-farming; the result being that, instead of dividing profits, he actually seized the other's original share, wholly ruining him, and threatening war in case the authorities interfered. The thing is worse than the Egyptian "capitulations," and ought at once to be abolished, unless it can be brought under international regulation. We have heard before of the reason for keeping pigs in a Moorish village; that evil spirits may take up their abode in them instead of in the bodies of the faithful. Another Biblical reminiscence is afforded by the proposal of a young lady to "throw the Nazarene (Miss Hay) down from the roof, and see what will become of her." The men of the Mission, on the contrary, were credited in some places with having brought rain, and were thanked accordingly; we hope they were not classed with the Jews, who Windhus, in his "Journey to Mequinez," says are turned out of the city in time of drought, and not readmitted till they have so importuned God as to bring the desired rainfall. A good deal has been said about Morocco as a wheat-growing country; but a Moor who had studied at Chatham accounted for the extent of waste land by telling our author that the soil will not carry a crop two years running.

Dr. Greenhill's small-print edition of "Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, Christian Morals, &c." (Macmillan) does not pretend to compete with that put forth by Pickering more than forty years ago. It is a reprint, in smaller size, and without the frontispiece, of the edition of 1882, and contains in the preface a complete account of the various editions, and some useful remarks on the author's style. Strangely enough for nearly a century Sir T. Browne seemed wholly forgotten, till in 1831, poor Thomas Chapman, then an undergraduate of Exeter College, Oxford, republished the "Religio Medici," at the same time that Dr. Alex. Young was preparing his edition in America, and Simon Wilkin, of Norwich, was collecting facts for Pickering's grand *édition de luxe*. Dr. Greenhill's handy little volume ought to be heartily welcomed; it will help to make one of our masters of style as well known as he deserves to be.

Ever since the Crimean War Lady Alicia Blackwood's "Narrative of Personal Experiences During a Residence on the Bosphorus" (Hatchards) had remained unpublished, till the death of a favourite horse reminded her that others might be interested in a record of what she and her husband went through at Scutari. Much of the story is very painful; nor will the reader's indignant wonder at the folly that planted regiments and set up hospitals where the only water was soakage from an overcrowded Turkish cemetery be lessened by Lady Blackwood's continual reference to "special providences." What could Miss Nightingale (of whom we would gladly have read more in this "Narrative") do against drains so foul that when a crack was made in one by an earthquake-shock the escape of gas gave Major Campbell a fever of which he died in a few days? Grave and gay are mingled in Lady Blackwood's pages; along with the D.A.O.G.'s death she records the *aplomb* of the dragoon who stood through all the shocks with a roll of half-measured calico in his hand, and when the terrified ladies came back, quietly remarked: "An earthquake, ma'am, I suppose," as he went on helping to measure. Soyer is an amusing figure, with his plan for starving Sebastopol into surrender; and one is glad to be reminded of Mr. Stowe, *The Times* correspondent, who worked hard, till cholera carried him off, at giving the soldiers wholesome porter instead of poisonous *raki*. The way in which the authorities left all these matters to private benevolence is as remarkable as the supineness with which they allowed the scoundrel Greeks of Galata and other suburbs to systematically murder French and English soldiers and sailors. One thing specially delights us, that Lady Blackwood, despite her pronounced opinions, was able to work heartily with Sister Bernardine, and that (though she is doubtful what the motive of Sisters of Mercy may be) she believed that sister at least to have genuine faith in Christ. Many will like to refresh themselves in the record of matters which, though the reverse of creditable to the then Government, brought out so nobly the helpfulness of our people. When the work at Scutari was over, Lady Blackwood visited the Crimea, from which, of course, the Scutari folks had been constantly getting news all through the campaign. How, by the way, is the fact to be accounted for that, while the men at Scutari were dying like sheep, the women scarcely suffered at all?

To Canon Liddon the Rev. J. Haslock Potter dedicates "A Present Christ" (Wells Gardner), consisting of daily ten minutes' readings for four weeks on the Incarnation. The book will be a great help, not only at daily services where the worshippers are more and more getting to expect something besides the liturgy, but also at family prayers. Mr. Potter sets forth the Incarnation as a divine plan, an historical fact, a present reality, and a future hope. The way in which he deals with the old truths is plain, simple, and impressive.

"The Year-Book of Photography and Photographic News Almanac for 1882" (Piper and Carter, Holborn) is as brimful as ever of interesting information and practical hints, contributed by well-known writers on photography, and is embellished with a portrait of Mungo Ponton, whom the Editor, Mr. H. Baden Pritchard, justly terms the discoverer of permanent photographic printing. All the fresh processes, improvements upon the old systems, and new mechanical inventions are described, and at the present time, when photographic art is making such rapid strides, the work is of great value to both amateurs and professionals. Amongst the most noteworthy articles are the Editor's always interesting review of the past year, and Mr. Alfred Pumphrey's experience of working with gelatine films unmounted on glass—a system which is greatly to be recommended for its portability, but which needs considerable improvement before it can produce results equal to those obtained with the glass negative. We may also mention the articles on the electric light, on various shutters—the perfect shutter has yet to be invented—on screens, on new developers and toning solutions, and a most useful list of the poisons used in photography, together with the symptoms they produce, and their antidotes. No photographer's room should be without this, as

many a man's life may be saved by prompt action and a knowledge of the right remedy.



MESSRS. MORLEY AND CO.—Few of our readers but are well acquainted with, and admirers of, the ever-green Ingoldsby Legends, one of which, "Winifred Price, the Milkmaid's Story," has been chosen as the libretto for a "Melodramatic Cantata in Two Acts," music by George Fox, who, in his way, is as popular as the poet. As a means of passing a pleasant evening in a country house, or for private performances in general, this cantata is admirably suited. A quartette of soloists and a small chorus are needed; the piece may be given without scenery, but when practicable it is much better with it. The bright and tuneful music is quite up to the mark of the clever composer's previous works.—Of a less ambitious character than the above is "Under a Mask," a brisk little operetta in one act; the subject, a husband making love to his own wife at a masquerade ball—not a very original theme, but very well treated by C. Bradberry, whose libretto is animated and neatly written; the music by E. Jones is good, and not wanting in originality. But two *dramatis personæ* are required for this bagatelle; the scene is laid at Madrid, in a corridor at the back of the Grand Opera House. Any fancy dress with mask will do, the time of performance is twenty-five minutes.—A brace of songs, are "A Gallant Heart" (a tale of the sea), words by C. Bradberry, music by O. Barri, founded on a touching fact, of recent occurrence, when the captain of a vessel sacrificed his life in saving that of a little lad who had hidden in the hold, and crept out when the vessel was sinking. The music is worthy of the pathetic theme. The compass is from C below the lines to E on the fourth space.—Of a more ordinary type is "Forgive Me and Forget," words by E. Oxenford, although by many it will be pronounced "a sweetly pretty ballad."—A very dramatic song is "Stranded: A Boatswain's Ditty," published in three keys, words by E. Oxenford, music by Humphrey J. Stark; for a people's concert this would ensure a genuine encore.—By the same composer, words by F. E. Weatherly, is a song which will surely make its mark as one of the best of the season. "Growing Old" will be asked for again and again.—Although written upon a well-worn theme, a little child perishing of hunger, F. E. Weatherly has produced some very effective poetry in "By the Abbey Door;" the appropriate music is by Berthold Tours; this song is published in three keys.—A song which has already made its mark is "Playmates," written and composed by Knight Summers and Ciro Pinsuti.—"The Oysterman: a Humorous Absurdity," by Hugh Cummerford, will please those who have a taste for the comic school, of which it is not a bad example.

B. WILLIAMS.—A simple and pleasing Christmas Carol, by Arthur Brown, "Lo, He Comes, the Infant Stranger," should have been sent to us earlier in the season, as it would have had a better chance of the success it merits.—A "Cantata Seria Buffa" is the somewhat peculiar title of "Gabriel Grub," adapted from Dickens' well-known story in "Pickwick," by Frederick Wood, who has written a capital libretto therefrom for the music by G. Fox. There is a quaint dry humour in both words and music which will raise many a hearty laugh. George Fox has quite a speciality for this style of composition.—Two very pleasing songs, music by Odoardo Barri, are "Love Knots," the sentimental poetry by Mary M. Lemon, published in three keys; and "The Olden Times," words by C. Bradberry.—A song for a bachelor, in praise of the fragrant weed, is "My Cigar," which is already a popular favourite in the smoking-room. The words are by E. V. Page, the music by Ben Tayoux.—A sea song, "Arouse Ye, My Mate," written and composed by Mrs. E. Mears and J. O. Shephard, is a melodious, but a very ordinary composition. We have heard it like many times before.—Precisely the same may be said of "Le Cortège de Noces," a march, for the pianoforte, by A. H. Brown.—A very pretty frontispiece, and music to match, will be found combined in "Auf Immer" waltzes, by Oscar Seydel.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—But one comic song comes from hence, and that of the most ordinary type, written and composed by Charles Tracey. "A Peaceful Abode" is the title; the theme of a worn-out character.—An elaborate pianoforte piece, with a vocal accompaniment, is "The Ivy," composed by F. K. Hattersley. Well played and sung it will prove effective.—Three songs for the drawing-room are "More Than One," written and composed by Henry S. Leigh and Hamilton Clarke; "Faithful for Ever More," the pathetic poetry by Mary M. Lemon, music by Suchet Champion; and a *naïve* little ballad, "A Wayside Posy," written and composed by Michael Watson.—Four pieces for pianoforte and violin, which will prove very useful to amateurs of these instruments, are "Minuet Boccherini," arranged by Henry Turner for "The Violin Student," No. VI.; No. VI., "Favourite Drawing-Room Pieces," "Pavane Louis XIV.," arranged by Ad. Herman; "Echoes of the Past," No. III.; "Chorus from *The Interrupted Sacrifice*" (Winter), arranged by H. Ries. They are all three of moderate difficulty.—One very easy *morceau* for violin and piano is "Valse de la Forêt Noire," by Hess, No. 2 of a series of "Petites Soirées Musicales."—Two pleasing duets for the pianoforte are "In a Gondola" and "Christmas Roses," by J. B. Wekerlin; the former is somewhat difficult, the latter moderately easy.—"Three Sonatas" for the pianoforte, duets, will give some work to do for the learners, but are worth the trouble of learning them. They are by Carl Reinecke, and as musically as could be looked for from this clever composer.—Twelve little sketches for the pianoforte, entitled "Stray Leaves," are very charming, and will please all cultivated tastes, they are by Florian Pascal.—Three pieces of more than average merit for the schoolroom are "Sérénade Hongroise," by V. Joncières; "A Rustic Wedding," by Charles Neustedt; and "Vintage Time," by E. Tavan.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—No more seasonable and welcome gift can be offered to a musician, amateur or professional, than one of three volumes, elegantly got-up and clearly printed. "Songs of Scandinavia and Northern Europe" is a collection of eighty-three national and popular songs of Russia and the neighbouring States, the English words freely adapted from their original languages by Clara Kappey, who has skilfully fulfilled her task. "Songs of Eastern Europe" contains 100 *Volkslieder* of Austria and other countries, many of which are old favourites. Clara Kappey has adapted the English words with the same happy results as in the first-named book. Both are edited by J. A. Kappey. The third of these volumes is "Songs of Italy," which contains fifty-four *Canti Popolari*. Here again we meet with many old friends and acquaintances; the English version is by Maria X. Hayes, who has shown her usual facility for the work.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.—A showy duet for the pianoforte and violin is "A Reverie," by A. W. Nicholson.—"Voix Célestes Valse," by Ernest Dupont, will take a place in the foremost ranks of dance music for the season.—"Victoria Valse" is commonplace, but the time is well marked; John Cooke, jun., has done and can do much better.

NOTE.—The name of the composer of the "Viola Valse," reviewed in *The Graphic* of the 31st ult., was partially omitted, it should have been McLachlan-Key.



**WILLIAM PURCHASE.**—If WILLIAM PURCHASE, who left England in 1878, will apply to Messrs. GUILLAUME and SONS, Solicitors, 186, Fleet Street, London, he will hear of something to his advantage.

Now Ready, price One Shilling (24th Annual Issue).

**BEST ROSES, best Flowers of all** kinds, best Fruits, best Vegetables, described, classified, and sorted as to prices and particular uses in the GARDEN ORACLE, which contains a complete Key to the Management of the Garden the whole year round. The "Gardener's Magazine" Office, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.

Now Ready, price One Shilling (24th Annual Issue).

**FIFTEEN HUNDRED ROSES** described by Name, Date, Class, Colour, General Character, and Growth, comprising the principal varieties introduced within the past fifty years, in the GARDEN ORACLE for 1882. Now ready, price One Shilling, post free. The "Gardener's Magazine" Office, 4, Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C.

Just published, post free, two stamps.

**DYSPEPSIA and the SEVERER FORMS OF INDIGESTION.** A small pamphlet on these distressing complaints and their complete cures.

Published by the Author, RICHARD KING, Esq., Staff Surgeon, Royal Navy, 23, Warwick St., Rugby.

**JOSEPH WILLIAMS' LIST OF NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.**

**FAITHFUL TO EVERMORE.** A BALLAD. Price 2s. Net. M. S. Do you remember the old brave promise, "Faithful for evermore?" Verse by MARY MARK LEMON. Music by SUCHET CHAMPION.

**THE CHILD'S LETTER TO HEAVEN.** (Song). C and S. Words by FRANK W. GREEN. Music by W. C. LEVEY. A most effective song for both drawing-room and concert hall. Price 2s. net.

SUNG BY ARTHUR ROBERTS

**THE GOOD YOUNG MAN WHO DIED.** An Aesthetic Lay. Words by H. P. STEPHENS; Music by ED. SOLOMON. Post free, 24 stamps.

**YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN THAT.** SYDNEY GRUNDY and SOLOMONS. Free 24 stamps.

"These comic songs, now being sung by Arthur Roberts at Drury Lane every performance, are acknowledged as the gems of the Pantomime."

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—These songs may be sung in public without any fee, there being no restrictions whatever on them.

**FIRST IMPRESSIONS.** Net 6d. "She was good in Humpty Dumpty, And she gave me such a shock, With a story which assured me, That a mouse ran up a clock." "Just the sort of song now required. Words suited to please both young and old."

**TO CHORAL SOCIETIES, &c.** New Cantatas by GEORGE FOX. S. d. JOHN GILPIN. THE MESSENGER DOVE. 2 6 net. NOTE.—A liberal discount allowed on a number of copies.

**WESTMINSTER BELLS.** (A Reverie). Pianoforte Solo. By CH. TOURVILLE. Post free, 18 stamps. "A charming morceau, in which the celebrated tones of 'Big Ben' are cleverly and artistically reproduced."

**HENRY FARMER.** THE VIOLIN STUDENT (Violin and Pianoforte). No. 1. Largo. 2. Gavotte. 3. Slumber Song. 4. Stray Thought. 5. Andantino. 6. Minuet. 1s. 6d. net each number

**NEW POLKAS.** A TON BRAS. LITTLE FLIRT. RIEFFLER. DARWIN. Each, post free, 18 stamps.

**NEW WORKS by FLORIAN PASCAL.** DEUX AIRS DE DANSE for Piano, M, 1s. 6d. net. LULLABY (Berceuse) for Violin and Piano, M, 1s. 6d. net. PIANO ALBUM, containing 16 New and Original Pieces, D, 4s. net. Review (Musical Standard): "We have of late years seldom met with compositions for the piano displaying so much ability and originality." STRAY LEAVES (12 little sketches for piano), M, 2s. net.

**LONDON: J. WILLIAMS, 24, BERNERS STREET, and 123, CHEAPSIDE.**

**PETER ROBINSON, COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET.**

**FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.**

Upon Receipt of Letters or Telegram.

PETER ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCED DRESS-MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL to ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY (no matter the distance) FOR EXPENSE TO PURCHASERS, with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full assortment of MADE-UP ARTICLES of the best and most suitable description. Also materials by the Yard, and supplied at the same VERY REASONABLE PRICES as if Purchased at the Warehouse in "REGENT STREET."

Mourning for Servants at unexceptionally low rates, at a great saving to large or small families.

Funerals Conducted in Town or Country at Stated Charges.

Address 256 to 262, Regent Street, London. PETER ROBINSON'S.

**THE BEST CRAPES.** THAT WILL NOT SPOT WITH RAIN. Special qualities finished by the manufacturer in this desirable manner solely to the order of PETER ROBINSON. Good qualities from 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. per yard. Others, not finished by this process, from 1s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse, 256 to 262, Regent Street, London, W.

**SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE.** Egerton Burnett's Pure Wool Best Dye Black Serges, as supplied by him for Court Mourning, are in great demand. A variety of qualities from 1s. 2d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies who have a preference for black should write for patterns direct to EGERTON BURNETT, Woollen Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset.

**TO LADIES.** GARDNER'S DINNER & TABLE GLASS SERVICES, free, graceful, and original designs of unequalled value. Dinner services from 21s. Table Glass Services, of the best crystal, for 12 persons, complete, 65s. Cash discount 15 per cent. Coloured photographic sheets and illustrated glass catalogues, post free.—453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

Now contain the following Invaluable Improvement:

The BRINSMEAD Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The BRINSMEAD Patent Sostenente Sounding Board.

The BRINSMEAD Patent Tone Compensator.

The BRINSMEAD Patent Tone Sustaining Pedal.

The BRINSMEAD Patent Consolidated Metal Frame.

The BRINSMEAD Patent Tone Renovator, &c.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS**

Have gained the HIGHEST distinctions at all the recent INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS, including the Two Gold Medals, Melbourne, 1881; the First Prize Queensland, 1880; the Two First Special Prizes, and Special Diploma, Sydney, 1880; the Legion of Honour, Paris, 1878;

THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR and GOLD MEDAL, South Africa, 1877

THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.

THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1871, and the HONORARY MEMBERSHIP OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF FRANCE.

THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.

THE DIPLOMA OF EXTRAORDINARY MERIT Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869.

THE MEDAL OF HONOUR, Paris, 1867.

THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862, &c.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS,**

For Extreme Climates,

With the Perfect Check Repeater Action, Patented 1862, 1863, 1871, 1875, 1879, 1881, throughout Europe and America

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

"I have attentively examined the beautiful pianos of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons that are exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. I consider them to be exceptional in the ease with which gradations of sound can be produced, from the softest to the most powerful tones. These excellent pianos merit the approbation of all artists, as the tone is full as well as sustained, and the touch is of perfect evenness throughout its entire range, answering to every requirement of the pianist." CH. GOUNOD.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

"We, the undersigned, certify that, after having seen and most conscientiously examined the English Pianos at the Universal Exhibition of 1878, find that the palm belongs to the Grand Pianos of the house of Brinsmead."

NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN, D. MAGNUS, Chevalier ANTOINE DE KONTSKY, (Court Pianist to the Emperor of Germany.)

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

"I have pleasure in expressing my opinion that the Paris Exhibition Model Grand Pianofortes of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons are unsurpassed. The tone is deliciously sweet, sustained, and extraordinarily powerful; the touch responds to the faintest and to the most trying strains on it and the workmanship is simply perfect."

"W. KUHE."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

Illustrated London News, Oct. 22, 1881.

"The principle of the Brinsmead firm is to give the best piano of its kind, the best of materials, the best of care, the best of taste, and the best of finish; and this is why the manufactory in Kentish Town sends down to Wigmore Street so many pianos perfect in scale, sustained in tone, elastic in bulk, with equal and responsive touch, and, in fact, as near as possible to that ideal that all musicians must require—a thing of beauty—that is 'a joy for ever.'"

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

Daily Chronicle.

"In tone the instrument is exceedingly rich and sweet, and in touch the very perfection of lightness. Messrs. Brinsmead may certainly be congratulated upon their success."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

Morning Advertiser.

"In addition to the other distinctions awarded to Messrs. John Brinsmead and Son at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, the founder of the firm has been created Chevalier of the Legion of Honour."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.**

Daily News.

"A new Pianoforte, recently manufactured by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, claims notice, not only on account of its easy and richness of tone, but especially for some ingenious mechanical novelties; the most important being the addition of a third pedal, by means of which the sound of any note or notes may be almost indefinitely prolonged at the will of the player. Thus, bass notes may be sustained after being struck, with the left hand, which may then be taken away, and, with the right hand, may execute the most brilliant staccato passages, thus giving almost the effect of four hands. The patent 'check-repeater action,' a speciality of Messrs. Brinsmead, enables the performer to command with ease the most rapid reiteration of the same notes; thus, the facility of the key movement in general being such that glissando passages can be executed with such perfect ease as to render them practicable with the lightest touch. The volume of tone is intensified by a peculiar construction of the sounding board, another improvement being the system of bridging, by which the vibrations are increased and rendered sympathetic. The Pianoforte is capable of all degrees of delicacy; to power, its massive structure rendering it less liable to get out of tune than usual; the instrument is altogether calculated to extend the reputation of its makers."

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS**

May be obtained of all the principal Music-sellers. Prices from 37 Guineas to 350 Guineas. ILLUSTRATED LIST FREE. Every Piano Guaranteed for Five Years.

18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W. AND THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON RD. KENTISH TOWN, N.W.

**ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, INVITES INSPECTION** of all that is new and beautiful in useful and ornamental CHINA and GLASS, including—

Dinner Services ("Cottage") 50 pieces. 13 0

Dinner Services for 12 persons (100 pieces). 35 0

Dinner Services for 12 persons. 14 0

Gilt China Tea Services, 40 pieces, 12s. 28 0

China Breakfast Sets for 6, 12, 18, 24 persons. 8 0

Toilet Services (for washstand) 6s. 6d. 5s. 6d. 7 0

White Stone "Grecian" set of three 1 3

All really excellent patterns.

Quart Decanters, good cut glass, 5s. per pair, plain 4 0

Claret Decanters (with handles), 4s. each 3 0

Plain Light Claret Glasses, 6s. per dozen 4 0

Wine Glasses, plain or etched, 4s. per dozen 4 0

Etched Wine Glasses, per dozen 3 0

Hock Glasses, ruby bowl, 6s. per doz. green bowl 3 0

Tumblers, Cut, 3s. 3d.; moulded, per dozen 1 6

Plain Light Finger-Glasses, taper-shape, per doz. 6 0

Other articles proportionately cheap.

Descriptive Catalogue post-free.

39, LUDGATE HILL. Established 1760.

**HENRY RODRIGUES' CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.**

42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE, LIBRARY, AND BOUDOIR.

In Polished Brass, Bronze, Sevres China, Ormolu and Oxidized Silver, from 21s. to £50.

DRESSING CASES. 21s. to £50

TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS. 6s. to £10

JEWEL CASES. 21s. to £10

WATCH BOXES. 21s. to £10

TOURISTS' WRITING CASES. 4s. 6d. to £5

ENVELOPE CASES. 10s. 6d. to £5

INKSTANDS. 5s. to £5

CANDLESTICKS, per pair. 7s. 6d. to £5

WORK BOXES. 21s. to £10

THE NEW "TANTALUS" LIQUEUR STAND, 10s. to £10.

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, from 5s. to £5.

**RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS.**

Arms, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies, Engraved as Gems, from original and artistic designs. NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. BEST RELIEF STAMPS in any colour, 1s. per 100. All the New and Fashionable Note Papers.

A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly Engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d.

BALL PROGRAMMES, BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

**ARMS AND CRESTS FOUND.**

PAINTED, and Engraved on Rings, Seals, Dies, Book-Plates, Gold, Silver, Ivory, Official Seal and Press. TESTIMONIALS and PRESENTATION ADDRESSES Written and Illuminated on Vellum. RODRIGUES, Heraldic Engraver, 42, Piccadilly.

**WHAT IS YOUR CREST and COUNTRY CULLETON'S** Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 30s. Manual of Heraldry 400 engravings, 3s. 6d. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne St., corner of St. Martin's Lane.

**VISITING CARDS by Culleton.**

Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 5s. each, 20 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Lane, 13s. 6d. T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourne St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

**CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STATIONERY** contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for 10s. 6d. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

**BEAUTIFUL TATTING, made** by poor gentlewomen, four yards for 18 stamps. Patterns sent.

Also Read Modern and Spanish Point Lace, Honiton, Guipure d'Art, Iris Crochet, Embroidery, &c. Orders earnestly solicited. Address, Mrs. GREEN, 22, Delancey Street, Gloucester Gate, London, W.

Collars, Sleeves, Gowns, Chemises, &c. Trimmings, Caps, Buttons, Dress Materials, &c. Bodice Fancy Work for Bazaars.

**ANNUAL SALE, Regent House.**

J. ALLISON and CO. are now prepared to offer the whole of the remaining portion of their stock at greatly reduced prices. There will be included many specialties, and attention is directed to a very well assorted lot of Coloured Satin Merveilles, at 2s. 11d., worth from 5s. to 6s. Rich Taffetas and Gros Grains, in all colours, at 3s. 11d., regular price, 8s. to 10s. Broché Silks in Black and Colours, at 6s. 11d., reduced from 10s. 6d. A very large lot of unusually cheap Broché and Ribbon, at 6s. 11d., reduced from 10s. 6d. Customed, Makers, Dress Materials, and Fancy Goods prices to effect prompt ready sales.—238, 240, and 242, Regent Street; 26 and 27, Argyle Street.

**ELKINGTON & CO. ELECTRO PLATE SILVER PLATE CLOCKS and BRONZES.**

**ELKINGTON & CO. TESTIMONIAL PLATE CUTLERY, &c., &c.**

Illustrated Catalogue post free.

ELKINGTON & CO., 22, Regent St., or 42, Moorgate St.

**SEWILL'S Keyless WATCHES.**

Prize Medals, London, Paris, and Philadelphia. Damp and Dust Proof, 18-carat cases, adjusted and compensated for all climates, £4 14s. 6d. and £5 14s. 6d. In Silver Cases for Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s. 6d. and £6 5s. 6d. Forwarded on receipt of remittance.—J. SEWILL, 39, Cannon Hill, London, Liverpool. Illus. Catalogue Free

**FINEST WATCHES MADE.**

**VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.**—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case grey hair to its original colour, without saving the hair, and make it beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Full particulars around each bottle. Ask your nearest Chemist for THE MEXICAN HAIR KENEWER. Sold everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle.

**BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS.**

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM. All Chemists at 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

**MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER** is a perfect for restoring grey hair, or faded and faded hair, to its original colour, gloss, and beauty. It renews its life, strength, and growth. Dandruff quickly removed. A matchless Hair Dressing. Its perfume rich and rare. More Economical, remarkable certainty of prompt action—in fact, every good quality is guaranteed for Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer.

**BRIDAL BOUQUET BLOOM.**

A lovely liquid for beautifying the Complexion. Every young. One trial of it will convince any lady of its great superiority over any other liquid or face powder. In a moment of time it imparts to the face, neck, arms, and hands a delicate softness and marble purity, with the tint and fragrance of the lily and the rose. It removes Tan, Freckles, Sunburn, and all roughness and blemishes. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers.

**LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN. GLYKALINE, THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures Coughs, Colds, Catarrhs, and Respiratory Ailments.**

**GLYKALINE** effectively relieves Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent in the winter, averts Diphtheria, and unfailingly clears the bronchial tubes. By its use Colds are cured in a few hours. As a most efficacious remedy, GLYKALINE is unprecedented.

**INDEPENDENT TESTIMONIAL** to GLYKALINE.

"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under date March 17, 1877, says: "This medicine has the valuable property of curing cold in the head. The man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh. I sped to the nearest chemist, and found the longed-for remedy. BEFORE NIGHT I WAS CURED. It is a colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testimony that three drops of the Specific, taken at intervals of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he says, "only to make known the healing properties of GLYKALINE, and so to confer boon on the suffering human race."

**GLYKALINE is the surest and** speediest Remedy, and all who suffer from obstructed breathing should use it. In bottles, 1s. 1/2d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Sold by all Chemists. Full directions with each bottle.

**NEURALINE, THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Cures (and instantly relieves) Rhothache, Neuralgia, and Nerve Pains.**

**NEURALINE is recognised as a** reliable Specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and corresponding disorders. It relieves INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will be found invaluable to all who are afflicted.

**NEURALINE never fails to give** relief. It is in demand throughout the world. As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly celebrated, a single application (in many cases) permanently curing the sufferer. Sir James Matheson received the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of that gentleman's household in Lewis, N.B.: "Mr. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY SHE HAD EVER APPLIED. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."

NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d. by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Illustrated directions with each.

**AUROSINE, THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, Preserves the Hands, the Skin, and the Lips.**

**AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,** Unpleasantness, and Roughness of Skin, effects of sea-air, &c., and (especially in Winter) protects the exposed cuticle from atmospheric attacks and the influences of exposure. It renders the surface of the skin beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness, and the natural hue of health, while in no degree impeding the pores, but, on the contrary, AUROSINE is pleasant to use and agreeable in its perfume, while colourless and not greasy. In bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

**ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE, A LIQUID DENTIFRICE.**

The Best Elixir for the Teeth and Gums. This elegant and approved preparation may be used in all confidence. It cleanses and whitens the Teeth, guards them against decay, improves and preserves the enamel, and renders the Gums, while benefiting their colour, as an astringent, antiseptic, and detergent, the Dentifrice is widely esteemed and in increasing demand. It effectually disguises the odour of Tobacco. In bottles, 1s.; 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 4d. and 1s. 10d.

**BERBERINE, FOR INTERNAL DISORDERS.**

A new and invaluable discovery, alleviating and removing Headache, Constipation, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and Nausea. This preparation, by stimulating the Stomach, promotes its healthy action, removing Dullness, Giddiness, and the feeling of Prostration. BERBERINE is really excellent for Colic and Pains in the Back; while against Indigestion and concomitant evils it stands unrivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**OZONISED OIL, THE NEW PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.**

By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished and its natural appearance improved, but decay and weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and prejudicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately welcome to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens the fibre, while merely requiring to be well brushed into the roots. The New Preparation is not a DYE, and may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 2s., and 3s.

**ODONTALGIC ESSENCE FOR THE TEETH.**

Will be found most serviceable wherever there exists evidence of decay. This liquid stopping protects the exposed nerves from cold or foreign substances (as crumbs), and while giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. The Essence cures Toothache, and does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**CHILBLAIN LINIMENT, TESTED AND APPROVED.**

The experience of a steadily increasing demand during the past several winters sufficiently proves that the most efficacious but unpretentious Remedy for Chilblains speedily effects their removal, and soothes their painful and irritating sensations. Complete directions with the bottles. Price 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**CHILDREN'S POWDERS, SPECIALLY PREPARED.**

These powders are applicable to both Children and Adults. They are very effective in expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds (known as Ascarides) which the pests of infants. Internal worms of larger dimensions are got rid of by the use of these Powders with remarkable facility, and consequently adults or persons in years will obtain relief, the efficacy of the preparation (CHENOPODIUM ANTISEPTICUM) being quite unquestionable. While the appetite (CUM) being quite unquestionable. While the appetite does not impede mastication. The application is simple. Sold in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

**PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine, SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.**

This reliable Specific possesses numerous important features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system, relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits, and thus is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement, and Depression. Sufferers from Exhaustion and Brain-weakness will gain speedy relief. Directions with each bottle, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s.

**THE NEW TOILET REQUISITE. DORE'S GLYCERINE SOAP (TRANSPARENT).**

This specially-useful and very beautiful preparation by its moderate price and intrinsic value has already become a favourite in popular and fashionable circles. It purifies and softens the skin, removes Roughness, and general health, and the effects of exposure, is delightful to use, and gives beautiful appearance. DORE'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP is sold in Tablets, 3d., 4d., and 6d. each; in Bars, 1s. and 6d.; in Shaving Sticks, 6d. and 1s.; and in Boxes, 6d., 9d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each. All Chemists, and by

**LEATH and ROSS, HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.**

**"THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA."**

**TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA.**

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only, by all Grocers.

**TAYLOR BROTHERS call the** attention of consumers to the high sustaining and nutritive powers possessed by MARAVILLA COCOA and MARAVILLA COCOA ESSENCE. These articles being prepared with great judgment and skill from the choicest growths of the Trinidad and South American estates, compare advantageously with the productions offered by other houses, and a trial is strongly recommended before a preference is finally given to any other description.

**TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMOEOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, AND PEARL COCOA MANUFACTURERS,**

Brick Lane and Wentworth Street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

**"A PURE COCOA OF THE CONSISTENCY OF TEA."**

**TAYLOR BROTHERS' "MARAVILLA" COCOA ESSENCE.**

Sold in Tins and Tin-lined Packets only, by all Grocers

**GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.**

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

J. EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, Makers of Epps's Chocolate Essence for afternoons.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

**FRY'S COCOA.**

**FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.**

A choice prepared Cocoa. "A most delicious and valuable article."—Standard.

**GUARANTEED PURE. FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.**

Pure Cocoa only. The superlative oil extracted. J. S. FRY and SONS.

**HEDGES and BUTLER, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their**

CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.

SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.

CHAMPAGNE, at 30s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.

OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 90s.

Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

**THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.**—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be greatly surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1/2d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.

**LEWIS'S Contains Bromine and** Iodine, the vital, refreshing, and health-giving principles of seawater. A most valuable remedy for all eruptions of the skin, pimples, blotches, &c.

**IODINE Braces and Invigorates** enfeebled constitutions, gives a healthy glow to the skin, stimulates every organ of the human frame, and is a grand substitute for sea-bathing.

**SOAP.—For Hot Climates** it is invaluable, quickly curing prickly heat, and such disorders. Price 6d. and 1s., of JAMES LEWIS and SON, 12, Old Bond Street, London.

**BALDNESS IS CURABLE. EAU LODOIS**

Arrests the Falling-off of the Hair. Consultations free daily. Contracts on the principle of NO CURE NO PAY. ANGLO-FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY. London: 59, Conduit Street, W.

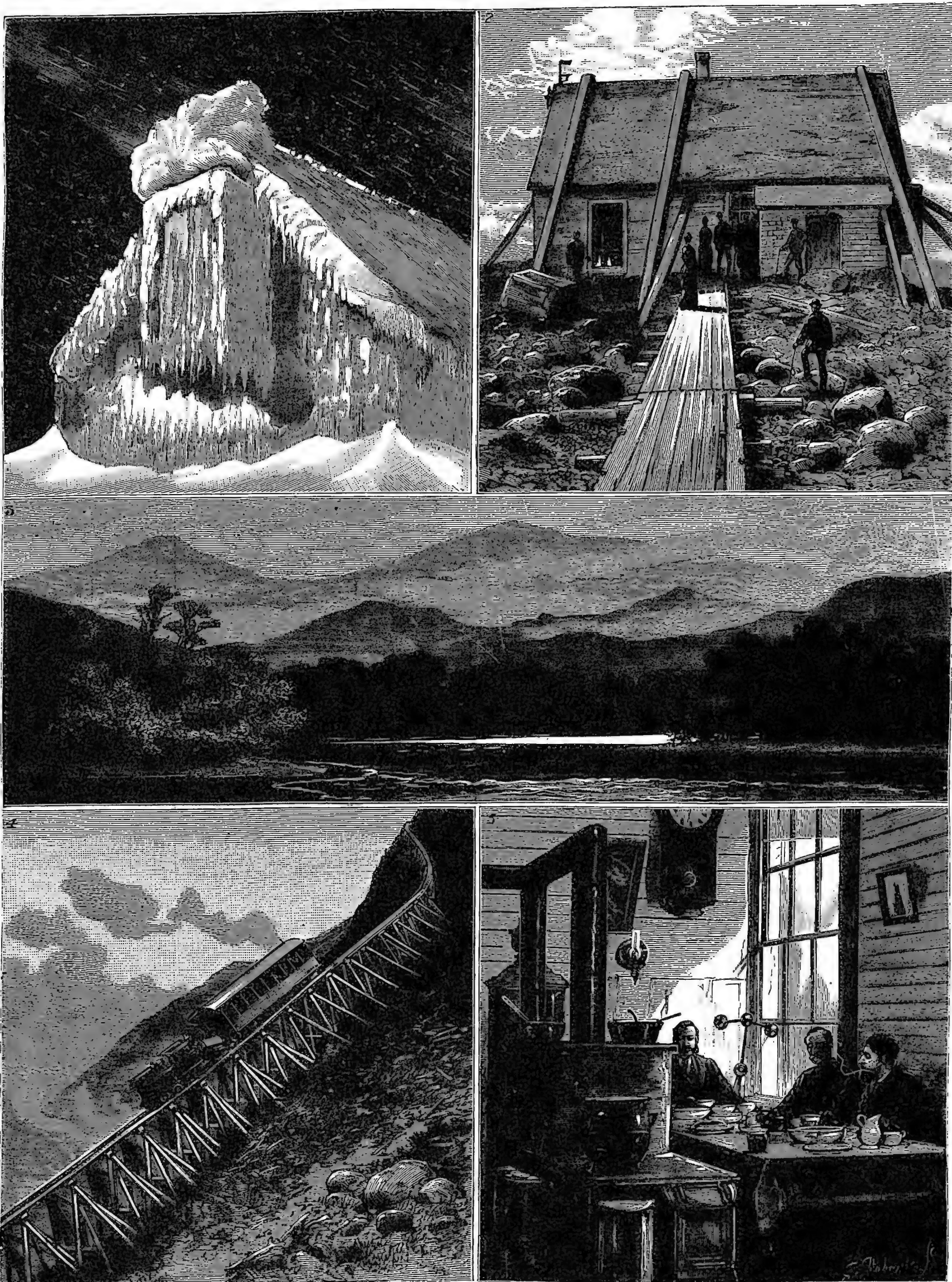
**HAIR REGENERATOR. SUCCESS GUARANTEED**

**EAU FAUST.**

Separate Bottles for each Shade of Hair—Fair, Auburn, 5s.; Light Brown, Dark Brown, or Black, 6s. Send a minute description of the Colour required. ANGLO-FRENCH HYGIENIC SOCIETY, London: 59, Conduit Street, W.

**ROBARE'S AUROLINE, or GOLDEN HAIR WASH.** For producing the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all the principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the World.—Wholesale Agents: K. HO





1. Exterior of the Meteorological Station on the Summit of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, in Winter.—2. The Same in Summer.—3. General View of the White Mountains and Mount Washington.—4. Railway to the Summit of Mount Washington.—5. Interior of Meteorological Station.

WEATHER FORECASTING IN THE UNITED STATES

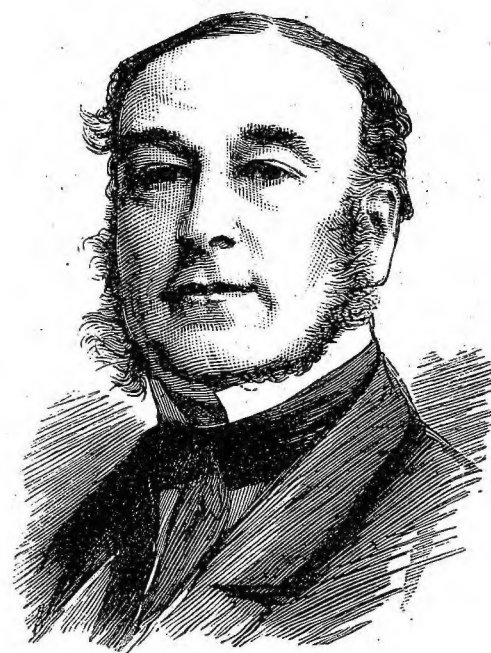




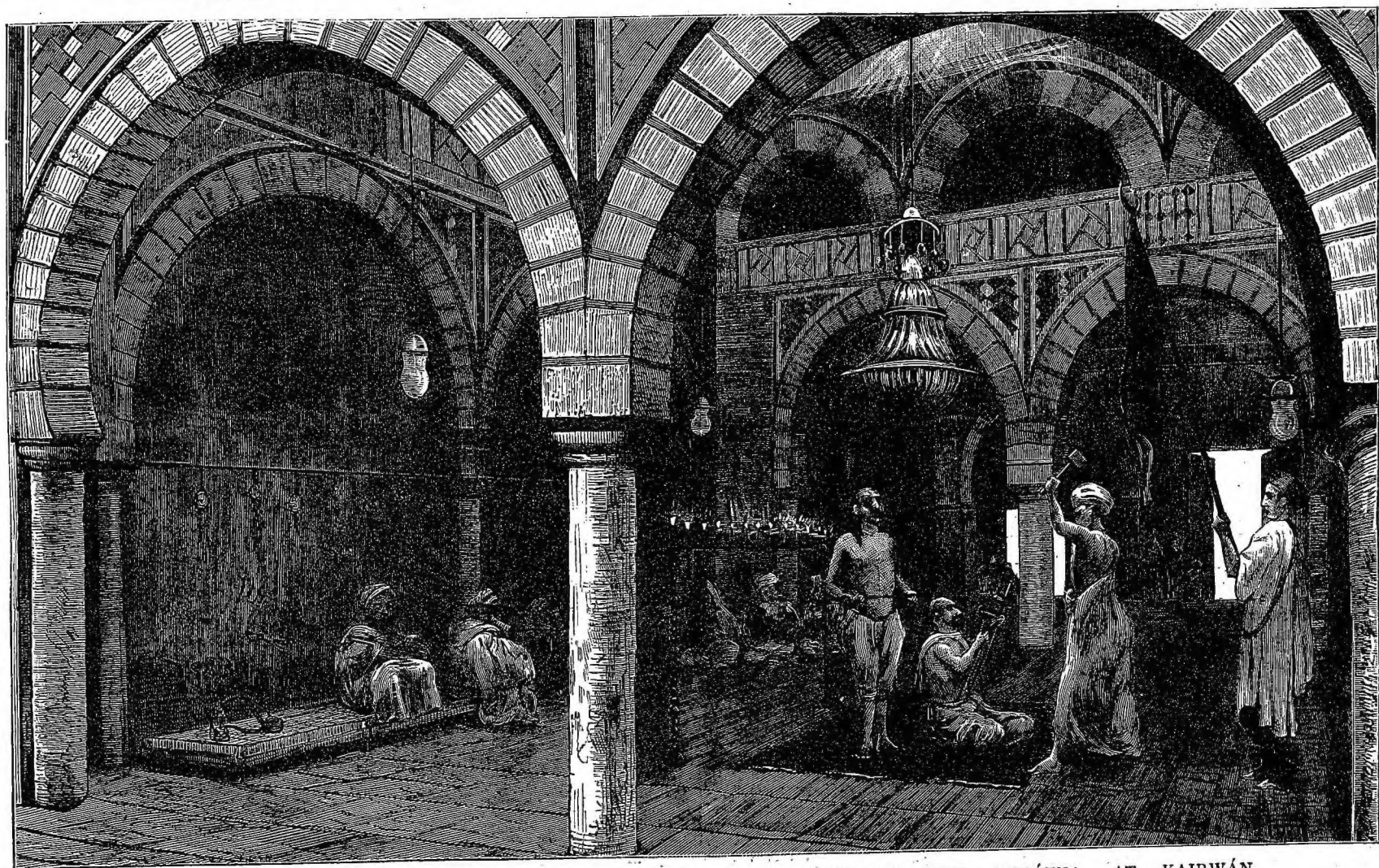
CAPTAIN CHARLES JAMES BROWNRIGG, R.N.  
Killed Dec. 3, 1881, by the Crew of a Slave Dhow Off the Coast of  
Zanzibar, aged 45



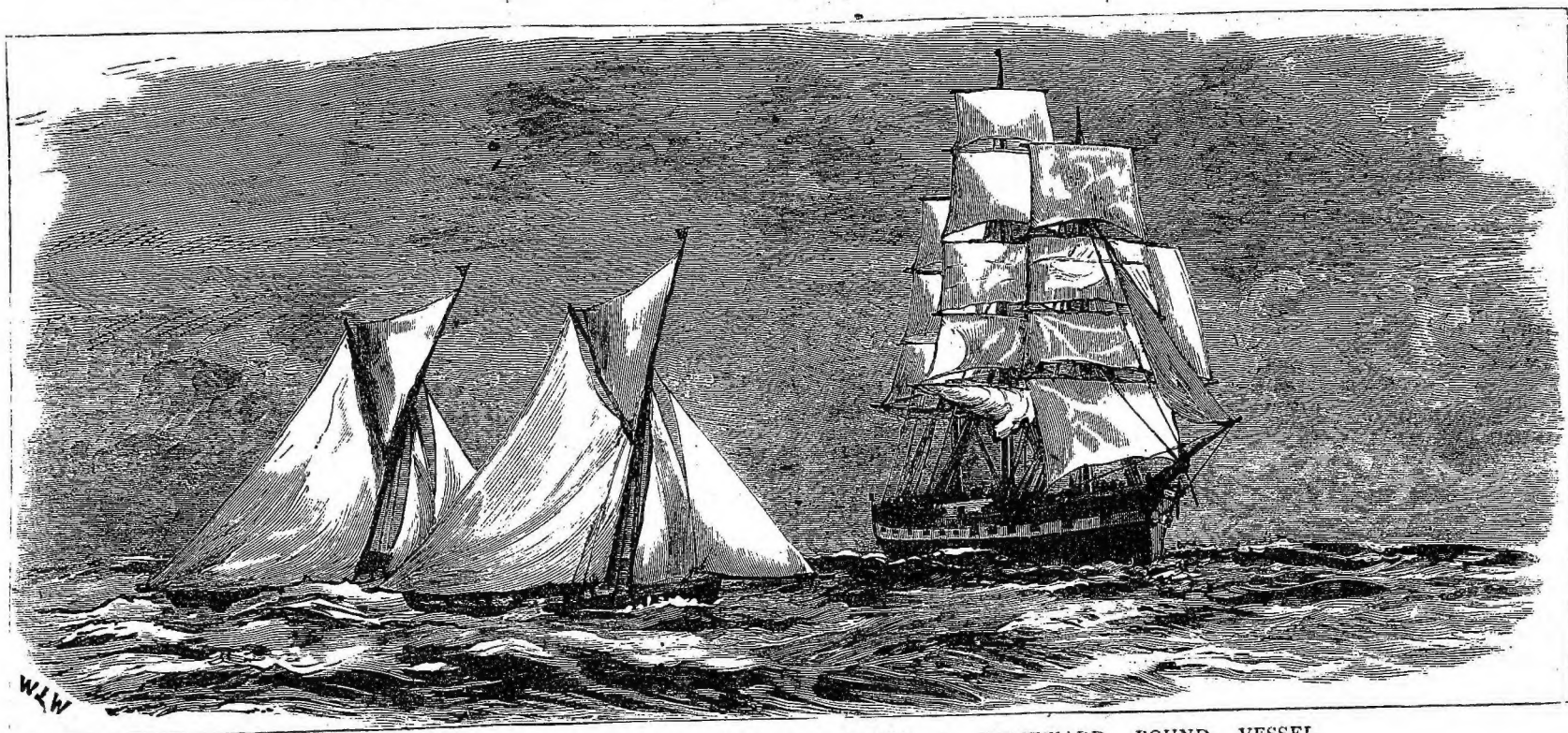
WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH  
Died Jan. 3, 1882, aged 76



RALPH BERNAL OSBORNE  
Died Jan. 4, 1882, aged 67



THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF TUNIS—"ZAOUIA," OR COLLEGE OF THE AISSAWIA, AT KAIRWÂN



FALMOUTH "TAILORS' BOATS" RACING TO MEET A HOMEWARD BOUND VESSEL





**THE SEASON.**—From Herefordshire we have received a spray of green apple-leaves plucked off a tree at Marden. Transplanted late last spring, it did not shoot up until the end of July, since when it has come into full leaf. The winter wheat is very forward in all parts of England, but the ground is wet and rotten in the low-lying parts of Lincolnshire and East Anglia. Grass is showing itself in the furrows of the ploughed fields. In Southern England, especially in the Weald, the land is very sticky, and difficult to plough. Stock is doing well, and sheep are generally healthy. The gardener should now be active making grass plats, walks, and lawns, setting privet, hawthorn, and whitethorn for hedges, planting wall, espalier, and standard fruit-trees, and pruning plums and cherries.

**YOUNG LAMBS.**—The fine flock of Shropshire Downs at Bockleton, near Tezbury, began to drop their lambs at the beginning of the month. This flock is remarkable for not having lost a single ewe from fluke or other disease during all last year.

**PRESTON HORSE FAIR** was well attended, and a good business passed. There was a fine display of heavy horses. Hunters sold at from 70*l.* to 100*l.*; cart horses about the same; team hacks at 30*l.* to 45*l.*; and ponies, at 12*l.* to 25*l.*, were in active request.

**HIGHWAYS.**—By 36 votes to 3 the Hereford Quarter Sessions have agreed:—1. That highway areas should be enlarged to the limits of counties; 2. That highway areas should be placed under the management of the county authority; 3. That there should be one responsible surveyor for the county, who should have power to contract for the works of the various localities. The Sessions agreed unanimously:—4. That every road of any importance to the public should be constituted a main road; 5. That main roads should be maintained out of the county rate, one half of the maintenance to be repaid to the county authority out of some appropriated tax or license.

**BEES.**—The most numerous apiarian association on the 1st of January was that of Hertfordshire, Lincoln being second, and Norfolk third. The West is somewhat behind in bee-keeping, but in Wiltshire great progress has been recently made, the number of members of the Wilt Bee-keepers' Association having doubled since Michaelmas.

**HEREFORD CATTLE.**—Earlier than usual the Americans have made a raid upon the Herefords; and according to latest information have secured some of the best animals in England. A great demand on the other side of the Atlantic, stimulating some of the more enterprising buyers, accounts for this sudden activity of demand. So far, particulars would be premature, but we believe the largest number of Herefords ever shipped from this country, and some of the finest specimens of the breed, will sail for America in the spring. Missouri and Illinois are first in the field as purchasers.

**"APPLES,"** says a correspondent, "are of more value as food than is generally supposed. They are nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In 1801 there was a great scarcity of meat, so apples, instead of being made into cider, were sold to the poor, and some of the Cornish workmen asserted that they could sustain work on baked apples far better than on potatoes."

**"COUNTRY CUSTOMS** are generally right," says Mr. C. S. Read. "If Lincolnshire tenant-right had spread to Norfolk and Suffolk there would have been no great desire in East Anglia for any Agricultural Holdings Act. And if rents had not been unfairly raised on really improving tenants there could not be the remotest justice or apology for the cry which is now raised by a few, that the tenant should have the right of selling his improvements in the open market."

**NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.**—Government Ordnance Maps of South-West Norfolk will be open to public inspection at the Town Hall, Thetford, on the 26th and 27th insts. The hundred of Thedwastre, Suffolk, has also been surveyed, and maps may be seen at Thetford on the 24th. All persons interested in local boundaries of townships, parishes, and properties, should inspect these sketch maps from which the Government official maps are prepared.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—It is proposed to establish a Spaniel Club. A correspondent says that weed seeds are crushed up with linseed as food for cattle, and prove very injurious to the health of stock. There will be a large Shorthorn Show at Birmingham on March 13th and 14th.



**THE TURF.**—There has been no racing this week, but the publication of the entries for the chief Spring Handicaps, and for a variety of events at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, and elsewhere, has given those interested in the Turf plenty to think and talk about. The great feature of these entries, especially of those for the Spring Handicaps, is the marked falling-off in numbers when compared with those of last year. For instance, the City and Suburban has fallen from 108 to 74, and lest it might be thought that the paltry 200*l.* added to this race has made it less popular than the Lincoln Handicap with its 1,000*l.*, the latter shows a still greater decline, having fallen from 114 to 75. The Newmarket Handicap drops from 47 to 36; but strangely enough the long-distance Great Metropolitan rises from 35 to 40. At Newmarket there is a very great decline in many important races, and no fewer than 13 events have failed to fill. Some persons may hastily have jumped to the conclusion that a decadence of the Turf is indicated, but really the diminished number of entries, especially for the early handicaps, may be accounted for by the almost unprecedented openness of the winter, which has enabled trainers in different directions to train on and try a large number of horses, and so save their owners the expense of entering those which have not shown themselves "likely."—The weights for the Sandown Grand Prize for Hurdles have been raised 3 lbs., leaving Valour at the top of the list with 12 st. 7 lbs. In all 25 have been accepted and 30 paid.—The famous steeplechase jockey and trainer, R. l'Anson, now at the height of his fame and popularity, has announced his intention of retiring from the pigskin at the end of the "cross-country" season. He will after that follow the profession of a starter at race-meetings, for which every one will agree he is eminently fitted.—The sudden death of Mr. John Whittaker, a well-known owner of horses, and enthusiastic courser, is much lamented.—The Turf has lost another devoted habitué in Mr. Bernal Osborne, whose familiar figure will be missed on all our great racecourses. He loved racing for the sport alone, and its enjoyable surroundings, but cared little or nothing for its gambling associations. He was an excellent judge of a racehorse, and had public "form" at his fingers' ends.—Mr. Cookson, who has recently come into a large fortune, has decided on giving up his breeding-stud at Neasham, whence so

many first-class animals have been turned out.—Robbie Burns, who once seemed likely to develop into one of the best of modern racehorses, and has been for a long period a costly *bête noire* to numerous backers, has recently died at Richmond, Yorkshire.—The birth in London of a son and heir to Earl and Countess Rosebery has been celebrated with great rejoicings at Epsom, the lord of Durdans being deservedly popular in that "downy" district through his kindly manners and great generosity. A huge bonfire was lit on the Downs near the Grand Strand, and a pyrotechnic display followed. Real hearty enthusiasm was the order of the day, or rather night.—For the Derby Bruce holds his place firmly as first favourite at 6 to 1; and Dutch Oven, notwithstanding the rumours as to her "musical" propensities, has recently made a great advance. The "dark" Troll also has been substantially supported.

**COURSING.**—There is not much to note in connection with this sport except the success of the meeting at Plumpton, where certainly they manage artificial coursing admirably. Herethe Brighton Cup fell to an animal for whom we always have a good word, Mr. Mather's Meol's Water; and in the division for the Lewes Stakes and Licensed Victuallers' Cup Mr. Miller (of Misterton fame) had left in two sons of Misterton, one Mornington, from the famous Waterloo heroine, Coomassie, and the other, Millington, from Annie M'Pherson. These are two first-class puppies, but Mr. Miller has a better in Middleton (another of Misterton's), and who can doubt that Mr. Miller must again have a good look-in for the coming Waterloo?

**AQUATICS.**—There have been two good sculling-races in the Thames. In one Perkins beat Audsley fairly enough, though the fouling towards the end of the race is much to be regretted; and in the other Godwin repeated his recent victory over the Tipperary-American Flynn, who, however, showed much better form than on the former occasion.—Hanlan, the World's Champion, has sailed from New York for this country, to prepare for his great match on April 3rd with Boyd, of Middlesborough. Before leaving Toronto the Champion signed articles for a match with Wallace Ross for the 20th of June next. As Ross intimates he is about to visit England shortly, it is not improbable that this match may take place on the Thames. Trickett also threatens to follow Hanlan to this country and insist on a match; so matters look pretty lively in the sculling world.—George Drewitt, the well-known aquatic "coach," was buried at the Brompton Cemetery on Saturday last.

**FOOTBALL.**—Matters have been rather quiet lately in this department of sports and pastimes; but it may be noted that in the Association Cup contest, after two "undecideds," Wednesday's game has been beaten Staveley by five goals to one. The game was a very hard-fought one notwithstanding.—Those of our readers who wish to see one of the crack Association teams of the season at work had better go to the Oval on Saturday the 14th, at 2.30 P.M., to see the Old Etonians in their match with Maidenhead.—The Old Carthusians (Association) are not reaping abundant laurels in their northward tour; having been beaten by Vale of Leven by two goals to one, and by Nottingham Club by five goals to one.—A Rugby game has been played between Gloucestershire and Monmouthshire, which ended in a draw, though it may be fairly said that the English has the best of the play.

**CRICKET.**—Shaw's team have played a four days' match at Melbourne against a combined Eleven of Australia, and the game ended in a draw.

**ANGLING.**—At a meeting of the Gresham Angling Society on the evening of the 5th inst., Messrs. A. G. Jardine and Knechli showed ten jack, the aggregate weight of which when captured was 150 lbs. These ten specimens were only a portion of their take, but the "show" is unparalleled in annals of piscatorial societies. Verily Mr. A. G. Jardine is a "very Lucicidal Young Man."

**BILLIARDS.**—For the benefit of our readers interested in the "Board of Green Cloth," we remind them that the great match between Roberts, jun., and Cook begins on Monday next at six P.M., and will extend over three evenings. The tryst is the Palais Royal (over Hengler's Circus); Roberts gives 500 in 5,000 up; ordinary table; 500*l.* a side. There is plenty of "feeling" imported into the contest, we hear, and Roberts's supporters will lay odds on their man. It must not be forgotten, however, that Cook would have played on level terms.



**SIR JOHN HOLKER, Q.C., M.P.**, has been appointed Lord Justice of Appeal, in succession to the late Lord Justice Lush. Sir John was born in 1828, called to the Bar in 1854, took silk in 1868, has been M.P. for Preston since 1872, and (under the late Government) has served successively as Solicitor-General and Attorney-General.

**THE LONG VACATION.**—Mr. Edmund K. Blyth has written a very sensible letter to *The Times* on this subject. He points out that whilst Lord Coleridge and the minority of the judges admit the evil, but suggest only the shortening of the period of total suspension of legal business as a remedy, the majority, led by Lord Justice Brett, resist any reform whatever. No help is therefore to be expected from the judges, and the need for a strong expression of public opinion is greater than ever. He thinks that the judges' assertions that the strain on themselves and the leading counsel is greater than in any other professions will not be admitted by eminent physicians and surgeons; calls attention to their lordships' apparent assumption that public need must subordinate itself to their convenience, and to the fact that the Royal promise in Magna Charta, "We will not refuse or delay justice to any one," is ignored for three months in every year; and, finally, asks why judges and counsel, solicitors and officers of the Courts, cannot, like other men, take their holidays in turn?

**NEWGATE GAOL** is not to be pulled down or altered, as was rumoured, but in future it will be only used during the sessions of the Central Criminal Court. The Governor, Mr. Sydney Smith, is to retire on a pension. A chief warder will take his duties, but the gaol will be under the control of the Governor of Clerkenwell Prison, whither will be sent all prisoners committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

**THE WIMBLEDON POISONING CASE.**—The magisterial investigation was brought to an end on Saturday last with the evidence of the analysts, Dr. Stevenson and Dr. Dupré, who agreed in the opinion that the deceased had probably taken enough acconitine to kill several persons, as the quantity found in one-twenty-fourth part of the vomit would be sufficient to kill one adult. Sir James Ingham announced his intention of committing the prisoner for trial on the charge of wilful murder, but a formal remand was granted to throw the case over to the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court.

**MALICIOUS CONDUCT IN A THEATRE.**—The conviction of Edward Martin, the young man who was charged with putting out the gas and placing a barrier across the gallery stairs at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, in May last, has been confirmed by the Court of Criminal Appeal, and a sentence of nine months' hard labour imposed by the Recorder, who remarked that, though he gave the prisoner credit for not having anticipated the serious results of his malicious

act, he thought it his duty to make an example of him. Martin has already been in prison three months in default of bail.

**SERVANT MAIDS AND SHOP WOMEN** who are on the look-out for husbands will do well to study the case of George Henry Cook, a married man with six children, who has just been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for a series of cruel frauds upon a number of young women, to whom he had introduced himself when they were out walking, and who, after some pretended love-making on his part, had foolishly lent him money, watches, and jewellery, after which he of course disappeared.

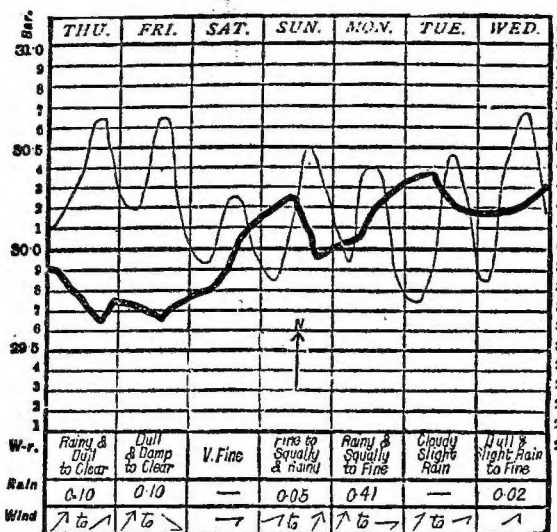
**ENGLISH CHILDREN IN SLAVERY.**—An attempt is being made to bring to justice the person who recruited the Beni Zoug-Zoug acrobatic troupe with English boys, receiving 1*l.* per head from the leader, Hadj Ali Ben Mohammed. It is said that the fellow boasts of having carried on a business of this kind for twenty years, and that he "glories in it." His career will, however, be checked if certain technical legal difficulties can be surmounted.

**BAD LANGUAGE** in public is an offence at law, but one which is very rarely taken notice of. At Portsmouth a drunken cattle-dealer has just been sent to prison for twenty-one days for thus misusing his tongue. He pleaded hard for the substitution of a fine, offering to pay 100*l.* to the County Blind School if his request was granted, but the Recorder remained firm, saying that it was because he was a wealthy man that he was awarded that punishment.

**THE CHARGE OF BURNING DOWN A CHURCH** at Carlton, in Yorkshire, which was brought against the Rev. George Sanger, was, after a three days' hearing, dismissed by the magistrates. Suspicion seems to have been directed towards him in consequence of his suddenly leaving the village and taking lodgings in London under an assumed name. This, however, he declares he did in order to shield the character of a young woman with whom he admits he misconducted himself, but whom he has since married.

**MODERN FOOLING.**—The *Daily Telegraph* prints a letter from "An Old Clown," bemoaning the gradual diminution of the harlequinade, which, not so very many years ago, formed a most important part of every Christmas pantomime; and the wail is echoed and re-echoed in a lengthy editorial article in the same journal. The substance of the complaint is that Clown, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Sprites have been almost completely elbowed off the stage to make room for interminable processions, ballets, music-hall songs, and other matters which are now so plentifully introduced into the gorgeous openings, but which have little, if any, connection with the fairy story which is, or at all events is supposed to be, the foundation of the plot. It is, perhaps, not unnatural to pity the poor old Clown, who thus mourns over the decay of his once popular art, but apart from this feeling of personal sympathy we see little cause to regret the change which has taken place. In Christmas theatricals, as in all other things, "the old order changeth, giving place to the new," and the new, if little better, is at least not worse than the old. If Grimaldi, Flexmore, Tom Matthews, and Boleno are no more, we have still our Paul Martinetti and Fred Evans, our Vokes, Girards, Majiltons, and Hanlon-Lees; and the inimitable George Conquest, though not this year before the footlights, may in some future pantomime again delight and astonish us with his grotesque mimicry of animal character. The ballets too, with the graceful evolutions of the *première danseuse*, and the occasional step-dances indulged in by the various characters, are no mean substitutes for the everlasting and wearisome "trips" of Harlequin and Columbine, and the Clown's inevitable hornpipe; whilst as for the vocal part of the entertainment, the much-abused music-hall songs, if not perfectly "proper" or especially edifying, will at least bear comparison with "Hot Codlings" and "Tippitiwittchet;" and the "gags," topical "wheezes," jokes, and political allusions, if incomprehensible to the juveniles, would not be less so, if instead of being incorporated in the opening, and spoken by music-hall artists, they were restored to the harlequinade, whence they were originally taken, and delivered by the Clown and his venerable companion. As for the gymnastic feats, trick-scenes, and rough-and-tumble "rallies," enough and more than enough of them are now transferred to the openings. In all that we have here said, we have taken what we believe would be the children's view of the matter, for it must not be forgotten that the juveniles of to-day would no more be satisfied with the worn-out stage effects and crude Jack-Puddingisms which so delighted their grand-parents in their infancy than they would like to put up with the primitive toys and play-books which were alone attainable half-a-century ago.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK  
JAN. 5 TO JAN. 11, 1882 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The past week has witnessed a continuance of mild, unsettled weather, and there is at present no sign of any important change. During the whole period depressions have been advancing towards our western and northern coasts, and some of these have been of sufficient intensity to cause very severe gales in the northern parts of the kingdom, while others of less energy have appeared in a more southerly direction, and brought rain to our own immediate neighbourhood. Of the former kind, the disturbance of Friday last (6th inst.) was the most important, while as regards the latter class, the only depression of much interest was that which passed over on Sunday night (8th inst.). This occasioned a fresh south-westerly gale, and some heavy showers of rain. Temperature has not been below 35° all the week, and on Thursday and Friday last (5th and 6th inst.) the maximum was as high as 53°. The barometer was highest (30.37 inches) on Tuesday (10th inst.); lowest (29.68 inches) on Thursday (5th inst.); range, 0.69 inches. Temperature was highest (53°) on Thursday (5th inst.); Friday (6th inst.); and Wednesday (11th inst.); lowest (35°) on Tuesday (10th inst.); range, 18°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.68 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.41 inches, on Monday (9th inst.).



FURNITURE  
FURNITURE  
FURNITURE



Single et, 11s. 6d.; Dark Blue ditto, 12s. 9d.  
A large variety of New Designs, from 11s. 6d.  
to 41s.

**Ebonized and Gilt Early English Davenport,**  
With Morocco Top, any colour, 5 Guineas.  
A variety of Davenports in stock from £2 10s. to £14 14s.

Persons residing in Foreign Countries and the Colonies will find great advantages by entrusting their orders to O. and Co.



